John Wm Ray Crawford

THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS

THE POEMS OF JONATHAN SWIFT
IN THREE VOLUMES

CHARLES WHITTINGHAM
LONDON

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VOL. III.

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THE

POEMS OF SWIFT.

POLITICAL POETRY.

PARODY

ON THE RECORDER OF BLESSINGTON'S ADDRESS TO QUEEN ANNE.

Mr. William Crowe, Recorder of Blessington's Address to her Majesty, as copied from the London Gazette.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty,

The humble Address of the Sovereign, Recorder, Burgesses, and Freemen, of the Borough of Blessington.

May it please your Majesty,

THOUGH we stand almost last on the roll of boroughs of this your majesty's kingdom of Ireland, and therefore, in good manners to our elder brothers, press but late among the joyful crowd about your royal throne: yet we beg leave to assure your majesty, that we come behind none in our good affection to your sacred person and government; insomuch, that the late surprising accounts from Germany have filled us with a joy not inferior to any of our fellow-subjects.

We heard with transport that the English warmed the field to that degree, that thirty squadrons, part of the vanquished enemy, were forced to fly to water, not able to stand their fire, and drank their last draught in the Danube, for the waste they had before committed on its injured

banks, thereby putting an end to their master's long-boasted victories: a glorious push indeed, and worthy a general of the Queen of England. And we are not a little pleased, to find several gentlemen in considerable posts of your majesty's army, who drew their first breath in this country, sharing in the good fortune of those who so effectually put in execution the command of your gallant, enterprizing general, whose twin-battles have, with his own title of Marlborough, given immortality to the otherwise perishing names of Schellenberg and Hogstete: actions that speak him born under stars as propitious to England as that he now wears, on both which he has so often reflected lustre, as to have now abundantly repaid the glory they once lent him. Nor can we but congratulate with a joy proportioned to the success of your majesty's fleet, our last campaign at sea, since by it we observe the French obliged to steer their wonted course for security, to their ports; and Gibraltar, the Spaniards' ancient defence, bravely stormed, possessed, and maintained by your majesty's subjects.

May the supplies for reducing the exorbitant power of France be such, as may soon turn your wreaths of laurel into branches of olive: that, after the toils of a just and honourable war, carried on by a confederacy of which your majesty is most truly, as of the faith, styled Defender, we may live to enjoy, under your majesty's auspicious government, the blessings of a profound and lasting peace; a peace beyond the power of him to violate, who, but for his own unreasonable conveniency, destructive always of his neighbours, never yet kept any. And, to complete our happiness, may your majesty again prove to *your own family*, what you have been so eminently to the true church, a nursing mother. So wish, and so pray, may it please your majesty, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, and devoted humble servants.

This Address was presented January 17, 1704-5.

MR. WILLIAM CROWE'S ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY, TURNED INTO METRE.

From a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
With three or four houses, and as many people,
There went an Address in great form and good order,
Composed, as 'tis said, by Will Crowe, their Recorder.
And thus it began to an excellent tune:
Forgive us, good madam, that we did not as soon
As the rest of the cities and towns of this nation
Wish your majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
Not that we're less hearty or loyal than others,
But having a great many sisters and brothers,
Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
We let them speak first, to show our good breeding.
We have heard with much transport and great satisfaction
Of the victory obtain'd in the late famous action,
When the field was so warm'd, that it soon grew too hot [pot,
For the French and Bavarians, who had all gone to
But that they thought best in great haste to retire,
And leap into the water for fear of the fire.
But says the good river, Ye fools, plague confound ye,
Do ye think to swim through me, and that I'll not drown ye?

Who have ravish'd, and murder'd, and play'd such
damn'd pranks,
And trod down the grass on my much-injured banks?
Then, swelling with anger and rage to the brink,
He gave the poor Monsieur his last draught of drink.
So it plainly appears they were very well bang'd,
And that some may be drown'd, who deserved to be
hang'd.
Great Marlbro' well push'd: 'twas well push'd in-
deed:
Oh, how we adore you, because you succeed!
And now I may say it, I hope without blushing,
That you have got twins, by your violent pushing;
Twin battles I mean, that will ne'er be forgotten,
But live and be talk'd of, when we're dead and rotten.
Let other nice lords sculk at home from the wars,
Prank'd up and adorn'd with garters and stars,
Which but twinkle like those in a cold frosty night;
While to yours you are adding such lustre and light,
That if you proceed, I'm sure very soon
'Twill be brighter and larger than the sun or the
moon:
A blazing star, I foretell, 'twill prove to the Gaul,
That portends of his empire the ruin and fall.
Now God bless your majesty, and our Lord Mur-
rough,[1]
And send him in safety and health to his borough.

[1] Murrough (or Morrough) Boyle, the first Viscount Blessington, who died in April, 1718.—*Scott.*

JACK FRENCHMAN'S LAMENTATION.[1]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

To the Tune of "I'll tell thee, Dick," &c.

Ye Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your ears,
I'll sing you a song, (if I can,)
How Lewis le Grand
Was put to a stand,
By the arms of our gracious Queen Anne.

How his army so great,
Had a total defeat,
And close by the river Dender:
Where his grandchildren twain,
For fear of being slain,
Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

To a steeple on high,
The battle to spy,
Up mounted these clever young men;[2]

[1] This ballad, upon the battle of Oudenarde, was very popular, and the tune is often referred to as that of "Ye Commons and Peers."---*Scott.*

[2] In the Dutch accounts of the battle of Oudenarde, it is said that the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, with the Chevalier de St. George, viewed the action at a distance from the top of a steeple, and fled, when the fate of the day turned against the French. Vendosme commanded the French upon that occasion.---*Scott.*

But when from the spire,
They saw so much fire,
Most cleverly came down again.

Then on horseback they got
All on the same spot,
By advice of their cousin Vendosme,
O Lord! cried out he,
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Would your brother and you were at home!

While this he did say,
Without more delay,
Away the young gentry fled;
Whose heels for that work,
Were much lighter than cork,
Though their hearts were as heavy as lead.

Not so did behave
Young Hanover brave,[1]
In this bloody field I assure ye:
When his war-horse was shot
He valued it not,
But fought it on foot like a fury.

Full firmly he stood,
As became his high blood,

[1] The Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., behaved with great spirit in the engagement, and charged, at the head of the Hanoverian cavalry, the celebrated French household troops with great success.—*Scott.*

Which runs in his veins so blue:
For this gallant young man,
Being a-kin to QUEEN ANNE,
Did as (were she a man) she would do.

What a racket was here,
(I think 'twas last year,)
For a little misfortune in Spain!
For by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the puts in,
To lose all they're worth this campaign.

Though *Bruges* and Ghent
To *Monsieur* we lent,
With interest they shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may sing,
With her sorrowful king,
Nunc dimittis instead of *Te Deum*.

From this dream of success,
They'll awaken, we guess,
At the sound of great Marlborough's drums,
They may think, if they will,
Of Almanza still,
But 'tis Blenheim wherever he comes.

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What general next!
Thou hast hitherto changed in vain;
He has beat 'em all round,
If no new one's found,
He shall beat 'em over again.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improved, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* ale
At every meal,
And good beef and pudding in belly.

But as losers at play,
Their dice throw away,
While the winners do still win on;
Let who will command,
Thou had'st better disband,
For, old Bully, thy doctors[1] are gone.

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1709.

When Naboth's vineyard[2] look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail
To bring the owner to a sale.
Jezebel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab grieved to be denied;

[1] A cant word for false dice.---*Scott.*

[2] This seems to allude to some oppressive procedure of the Earl of Wharton. There is, Dr. Barrett remarks, a story something similar in the case of Mr. Proby, surgeon-general of Ireland. Swift had a garden which he used to call Naboth's vineyard.—*Scott.*

And thus accosted him with scorn:
" Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
A king, and weep! The ground's your own;
I'll vest the garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head;
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became his forfeit guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands, perhaps, were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near;
Hall, of small scripture conversation,
Yet, howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident had got
The story of this garden-plot;—
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant:
Therefore resolved, in humble sort,
To begin first, and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710.[1]

The rod was but a harmless wand,
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till metamorphosed by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist:
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resumed the figure of a stick.

[1] When Swift came to London, in 1710, just about the time the ministry was changed, his reception from Lord Treasurer Godolphin was, as he stated to Archbishop King, "different from what he had received from any great man in his life; altogether short, dry, and morose." To Stella, he owns that this coldness had so enraged him that he was vowing revenge. The fruits of his resentment was the following lampoon on the treasurer's abdication. It was read at Harley's, on the 15th October, 1710; but was not then suspected to be Swift's. The success of this *jeu d'esprit* was prodigious. The allusion to Godolphin's family name, Sidney, and to his staff of office, are sufficiently obvious.—*Scott.*

So, to her midnight feasts, the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, raised by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain magic rod,[1]
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect:
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid:
In Scottish hills found precious ore,[2]
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divined
How well a cully's purse was lined;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion like a stake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was a just type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids

[1] The *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals.—*Swift.*

[2] Supposed to allude to the Union.—*Swift.*

Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.
Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he used to fish withal;
A place was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of gudgeons took;
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish and saved his bait.
Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe,
A circle with their rod describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt,
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when th' enchanted rod was broke,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.
Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
Though down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an HEIRLOOM,[1] as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nursed,

[1] Godolphin's favour arose from his connection with the family of Marlborough.---*Scott.*

As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian Pippin.
No hobby-horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's[1] shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-Fair,
Could with the rod of Sid compare.

Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad?[2]
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return'd it to your mistress;
Or made it a Newmarket switch,[3]
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piss.

[1] An eminent toyman in Fleet-street.---*Scott.*

[2] When Godolphin received the queen's message, removing him from the office of treasurer, he broke his whole rod into two pieces, and threw them into the chimney, desiring the messenger to bear witness he had obeyed her majesty's commands.---*Scott.*

[3] Lord Godolphin is satirized by Mr. Pope, for a strong attachment to the turf. See his Moral Essays.---*Scott.*

PARODY ON THE RECORDER'S SPEECH

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND, 4TH JULY, 1711.

This city can omit no opportunity of expressing their hearty affection for her majesty's person and government; and their regard for your grace, who has the honour of representing her in this kingdom.

We retain, my lord, a grateful remembrance of the mild and just administration of the government of this kingdom by your noble ancestors; and, when we consider the share your grace had in the happy Revolution, in 1688, and the many good laws you have procured us since, particularly that for preventing the farther growth of Popery, we are assured that that liberty and property, that happy constitution in church and state, to which we were restored by King William of glorious memory, will be inviolably preserved under your grace's administration. And we are persuaded that we cannot more effectually recommend ourselves to your grace's favour and protection, than by assuring you that we will, to the utmost of our power, contribute to the honour and safety of her majesty's government, the maintenance of the succession in the illustrious house of Hanover, and that we shall at all times oppose the secret and open attempts of the Pretender, and all his abettors.

THE RECORDER'S SPEECH EXPLAINED BY THE TORIES.

An ancient metropolis, famous of late
For opposing the Church, and for nosing the State,
For protecting sedition and rejecting order,

Made the following speech by their mouth, the Recorder:

First, to tell you the name of this place of renown,
Some still call it Dublin, but most Forster's town.

THE SPEECH.

May it please your Grace,
We cannot omit this occasion to tell,
That we love the Queen's person and government well;
Then next, to your Grace we this compliment make,
That our worships regard you, but 'tis for her sake:
Though our mouth be a Whig, and our head a Dissenter,
Yet salute you we must, 'cause you represent her:
Nor can we forget, sir, that some of your line
Did with mildness and peace in this government shine.
But of all your exploits, we'll allow but one fact,
That your Grace has procured us a Popery Act.
By this you may see that the least of your actions
Does conduce still the most to our satisfactions.
And lastly, because in the year eighty-eight
You did early appear in defence of our right,
We give no other proof of your zeal to your Prince;
So we freely forget all your services since.
It's then only we hope, that whilst you rule o'er us,
You'll tread in the steps of King William the glorious,

Whom we're always adoring, tho' hand over head,
For we owe him allegiance, although he be dead;
Which shows that good zeal may be founded in
spleen,
Since a dead Prince we worship, to lessen the
Queen.
And as for her Majesty, we will defend her
Against our hobgoblin, the Popish Pretender.
Our valiant militia will stoutly stand by her,
Against the sly Jack, and the sturdy High-flier.
She is safe when thus guarded, if Providence
bless her,
And Hanover's sure to be next her successor.
Thus ended the speech, but what heart would
not pity [City!
His Grace, almost choked with the breath of the

THE FAMOUS SPEECH-MAKER OF ENGLAND,

OR BARON (ALIAS BARREN) LOVEL'S CHARGE[1] AT THE ASSIZES AT EXON, APRIL 5, 1710.

——————Risum teneatis?——————

From London to Exon,
By special direction,
Came down the world's wonder,
Sir Salathiel Blunder,

[1] See the original charge in the Examiner, 1745, No. I. p. 55.---Sir Salathiel Lovel died May 3, 1717.---*Scott.*

With a quoif on his head
As heavy as lead;
And thus opened and said:

Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest,

Her majesty, mark it,
Appointed this circuit
For me and my brother,
Before any other;
To execute laws,
As you may suppose,
Upon such as offenders have been.
So then, not to scatter
More words on the matter,
We're beginning just now to begin.
But hold—first and foremost, I must enter a clause,
As touching and concerning our excellent laws;
Which here I aver,
Are better by far
Than them all put together abroad and beyond sea;
For I ne'er read the like, nor e'er shall, I fancy.
The laws of our land
Don't abet, but withstand,
Inquisition and thrall,
And whatever may gall,
And fire withal;
And sword that devours
Wherever it scowers:
They preserve liberty and property, for which men
pull and haul so,

And they are made for the support of good government also.
Her majesty, knowing
The best way of going
To work for the weal of the nation,
Builds on that rock,
Which all storms will mock,
Since Religion is made the foundation.
And, I tell you to boot, she
Resolves resolutely,
No promotion to give
To the best man alive,
In church or in state,
(I'm an instance of that,)
But only to such of a good reputation
For temper, morality, and moderation.
Fire! fire! a wild-fire,
Which greatly disturbs the queen's peace,
Lies running about;
And if you don't put it out,
(That's positive) will increase:
And any may spy,
With half of an eye,
That it comes from our priests and Papistical fry.
Ye have one of these fellows,
With fiery bellows,
Come hither to blow and to puff here;
Who having been toss'd
From pillar to post,
At last vents his rascally stuff here:

Which to such as are honest must sound very oddly,
When they ought to preach nothing but what's very godly;
As here from this place we charge you to do,
As ye'll answer to man, besides ye know who.
Ye have a Diocesan,—[1]
But I don't know the man;—
The man's a good liver,
They tell me, however,
And fiery never!
Now, ye under-pullers,
That wear such black colours,
How well would it look,
If his measures ye took,
Thus for head and for rump
Together to jump;
For there's none deserve places,
I speak't to their faces,
But men of such graces,
And I hope he will never prefer any asses;
Especially when I'm so confident on't,
For reasons of state, that her majesty won't.
Know, I myself I
Was present and by, [pany,
At the great trial, where there was a great com-
Of a turbulent preacher, who, cursedly hot,
Turn'd the fifth of November, even the gun-powder plot,

[1] Dr. Offspring Blackall. He was made Bishop of Exeter in 1707, and died in 1716.—*Scott.*

Into impudent railing, and the devil knows what:
Exclaiming like fury—it was at Paul's, London—
How church was in danger, and like to be undone,
And so gave the lie to gracious Queen Anne;
And, which is far worse, to our parliament-men:
And then printed a book,
Into which men did look:
True, he made a good text;
But what follow'd next
Was nought but a dunghill of sordid abuses,
Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses.
It was high time of day
That such inflamma-
tion should be extinguish'd without more delay:
But there was no engine could possibly do't,
Till the commons play'd theirs, and so quite put it out.
So the man was tried for't,
Before highest court:
Now it's plain to be seen,
It's his principles I mean,
Where they suffer'd this noisy and his lawyers to bellow:
Which over, the blade
A poor punishment had
For that racket he made.
By which ye may know
They thought as I do,
That he is but at best an inconsiderable fellow.
Upon this I find here,

And everywhere,
That the country rides rusty, and is all out of geer:
And for what?
May I not
In opinion vary,
And think the contrary,
But it must create
Unfriendly debate,
And disunion straight;
When no reason in nature
Can be given of the matter,
Any more than for shapes or for different stature?
If you love your dear selves, your religion or queen,
Ye ought in good manners to be peaceable men:
For nothing disgusts her
Like making a bluster:
And your making this riot,
Is what she could cry at,
Since all her concern's for our welfare and quiet.
I would ask any man
Of them all that maintain
Their passive obedience
With such mighty vehemence,
That damn'd doctrine, I trow!
What he means by it, ho',
To trump it up now?
Or to tell me in short,
What need there is for't?
Ye may say, I am hot;

I say I am not;
Only warm, as the subject on which I am got.
There are those alive yet.
If they do not forget,
May remember what mischiefs it did church and state:
Or at least must have heard
The deplorable calamities
It drew upon families,
About sixty years ago and upward.
And now, do ye see,
Whoever they be,
That make such an oration
In our Protestant nation,
As though church was all on a fire,—
With whatever cloak
They may cover their talk,
And wheedle the folk,
That the oaths they have took,
As our governors strictly require;—
I say they are men—(and I'm a judge, ye all know,)
That would our most excellent laws overthrow;
For the greater part of them to church never go;
Or, what's much the same, it by very great chance is,
If e'er they partake of her wise ordinances.
Their aim is, no doubt,
Were they made to speak out,
To pluck down the queen, that they make all this rout;
And to set up, moreover,

A bastardly brother;
Or at least to prevent the House of Hanover.
Ye gentlemen of the jury,
What means all this fury,
Of which I'm inform'd by good hands, I assure ye;
This insulting of persons by blows and rude speeches,
And breaking of windows, which, you know, maketh breaches?
Ye ought to resent it,
And in duty present it,
For the law is against it;
Not only the actors engaged in this job,
But those that encourage and set on the mob:
The mob, a paw word, and which I ne'er mention,
But must in this place, for the sake of distinction.
I hear that some bailiffs and some justices
Have strove what they could, all this rage to suppress;
And I hope many more
Will exert the like power,
Since none will, depend on't,
Get a jot of preferment.
But men of this kidney, as I told you before.—
I'll tell you a story: Once upon a time,
Some hot-headed fellows must needs take a whim,
And so were so weak
('Twas a mighty mistake)
To pull down and abuse
Bawdy-houses and stews;

Who, tried by the laws of the realm for high-treason,
Were hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd for that very reason.
When the time came about
For us all to set out,
We went to take leave of the queen;
Where were great men of worth,
Great heads and so forth,
The greatest that ever were seen:
And she gave us a large
And particular charge;—
Good part on't indeed
Is quite out of my head;—
But I remember she said,
We should recommend peace and good neighbourhood, where-
soever we came; and so I do here;
For that every one, not only men and their wives,
Should do all that they can to lead peaceable lives;
And told us withal, that she fully expected
A special account how ye all stood affected;
When we've been at St. James's, you'll hear of the matter.
Again then I charge ye,
Ye men of the clergy,
That ye follow the track all
Of your own Bishop Blackall,
And preach, as ye should,
What's savoury and good;
And together all cling,

As it were, in a string;
Not falling out, quarrelling one with another,
Now we're treating with Monsieur,—that son of
his mother.

Then proceeded on the common matters of the law; and concluded:

Once more, and no more, since few words are best,
I charge you all present, by way of request,
If ye honour, as I do,
Our dear royal widow,
Or have any compassion
For church or the nation;
And would live a long while
In continual smile,
And eat roast and boil,
And not be forgotten,
When ye are dead and rotten;
That ye would be quiet, and peaceably dwell,
And never fall out, but p—s all in a quill.

BALLAD.

To the tune of "Commons and Peers."

A WONDERFUL age
Is now on the stage:
I'll sing you a song, if I can,
How modern Whigs,

Dance forty-one jigs,[1]
But God bless our gracious Queen Anne.

The kirk with applause
Is established by laws
As the orthodox church of the nation.
The bishops do own
It's as good as their own.
And this, Sir, is call'd moderation.

It's no riddle now
To let you see how
A church by oppression may speed;
Nor is't banter or jest,
That the kirk faith is best
On the other side of the Tweed.

For no soil can suit
With every fruit,
Even so, Sir, it is with religion;
The best church by far
Is what grows where you are,
Were it Mahomet's ass or his pigeon.

Another strange story
That vexes the Tory,
But sure there's no mystery in it,
That a pension and place
Give communicants grace,
Who design to turn tail the next minute.

[1] Alluding to the year 1641, when the great rebellion broke out.---*Scott.*

For if it be not strange,
That religion should change,
As often as climates and fashions;
Then sure there's no harm,
That one should conform,
To serve their own private occasions.

Another new dance,
Which of late they advance,
Is to cry up the birth of Pretender,
And those that dare own
The queen heir to the crown,
Are traitors, not fit to defend her.

The subject's most loyal
That hates the blood royal,
And they for employments have merit,
Who swear queen and steeple
Were made by the people,
And neither have right to inherit.

The monarchy's fixt,
By making on't mixt,
And by non-resistance o'erthrown;
And preaching obedience
Destroys our allegiance,
And thus the Whigs prop up the throne.

That viceroy[1] is best,
That would take off the test,

[1] Lord Wharton.

And made a sham speech to attempt it;
But being true blue,
When he found 'twould not do,
Swore, damn him, if ever he meant it.

'Tis no news that Tom Double
The nation should bubble,
Nor is't any wonder or riddle,
That a parliament rump
Should play hop, step, and jump,
And dance any jig to his fiddle.

But now, sir, they tell,
How Sacheverell,
By bringing old doctrines in fashion,
Hath, like a damn'd rogue,
Brought religion in vogue,
And so open'd the eyes of the nation.

Then let's pray without spleen,
May God bless the queen,
And her fellow-monarchs the people;
May they prosper and thrive,
Whilst I am alive,
And so may the church with the steeple.

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.[1]

TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

1710.

Atlas, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedler does his pack;
But, as the pedler overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.
Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.
Great statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier minister of state;
Alcides one of second rate.

[1] In these free, and yet complimentary verses, Swift cautions Oxford against his greatest political error, that affectation of mystery, and wish of engrossing the whole management of public affairs, which first disgusted, and then alienated, Harcourt and Bolingbroke. On this point our author has spoken very fully in the Free Thoughts upon the present State of Affairs.—*Scott.*

Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise;
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find upholders.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON MR. HARLEY'S BEING STABBED, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PHYSICIAN, 1710-11.

On Britain Europe's safety lies,
Britain is lost if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your skill:
Think what you save, or what you kill.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE. 1711.

An orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire*,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old speech, and the court, to their sorrow,
Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.

When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day like a Finch.[1]
I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,[2]
And, "mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

THE SPEECH.

Whereas, notwithstanding I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, most noble senators, 'tis a great shame,
There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game*.
The duke show'd me all his fine house; and the duchess [clutches:
From her closet brought out a full purse in her
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently cramm'd;
And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But some will cry turn-coat, and rip up old stories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places.
But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends, while I'm *Not-in-game*.

[1] Lord Nottingham's family name.---*Scott.*

[2] Hoppy is supposed by Dr. Barrett to be a person, elsewhere called *old Hooper*, in another part of the "Whimsical Medley."—*Scott.*

When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master King James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
For Daniel[1] was got from the den of the lions:
I came in without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than hang, I would be *Not-in-game*.

I swore to the queen, that the Prince of Hanover
During her sacred life would never come over:
I made use of a trope; that "an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight."
But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her Majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game*.

Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote against peace, with Spain or without:
Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers,
and cousins,
And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound:
Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,
I'll speech against peace while *Dismal's* my name,
And be a true Whig, while I'm *Not-in-game*.

[1] This was the Earl's Christian name.—*Scott*.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY.[1]

"About three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave, the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty; but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top, and sealed with St. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. Woodward, F.R.S. where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

"The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present."

---

[1] This Prophecy excited, as well it might, the deepest hatred on the part of the lady against whom it was levelled; indeed the charge of being privy to her second husband's assassination by the villany of Coningsmark, was too gross to be forgiven; and was moreover wholly undeserved. It must be remembered, that the Duchess's favour with

When *a holy black Swede*, the *son of Bob*,[1]
With a *saint*[2] at his chin and a *seal* at his fob,
Shall not see *one*[3] *New-year's-day* in that year,
Then let old England make good cheer:
Windsor[4] and *Bristow*[4] then shall be
Joined together in the *Low-countree*.[4]
Then shall the *tall black Daventry Bird*[5]
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But, spight of *the Harpy*[6] that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But England must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the stick be taken from the dead sea.[7]
And, dear Englond, if ought I understond,

Queen Anne was so great as often to shake the confidence of the Tory party, notwithstanding their reliance on the yet superior influence of Lady Masham.---*Scott*.

[1] Dr. John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.---*Scott*.

[2] He was Dean of Windsor, and lord privy seal.---*Ibid*.

[3] The New Style (which was not used in Great Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then observed in most parts of Europe. The bishop set out from England the latter end of December, O. S.; and on his arrival at Utrecht, by the variation of the style, he found January somewhat advanced.---*Ibid*.

[4] Alluding to the deanery and bishopric being possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht.---*Ibid*.

[5] Earl of Nottingham.---*Ibid*.

[6] Duke of Marlborough.---*Ibid*.

[7] The treasurer's wand, taken from Harley, whose second title was Lord *Mortimer*.---*Ibid*.

Beware of *Carrots*[1] from *Northumberlond.*
Carrots sown *Thynne*[2] a deep root may get,
If so be ~~they are~~ in *Somer set:*
Their[3] *Conyngs mark* thou; for I have been told,
They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
Root out these Carrots, O *thou*,[4] whose name
Is *backwards* and *forwards* always the same;
And keep close to thee always that name, [same.
Which *backwards* and *forwards*[5] is almost the
And, Englond, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill.*[6]

CORINNA,[7] A BALLAD.

This day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endued her with his art.

[1] The Duchess of Somerset.---*Scott.*

[2] Thomas Thynne of Longleate, esq. married the above lady after the death of her first husband, Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, only son to Henry, Duke of Newcastle, to whom she had been betrothed in her infancy. The marriage was never consummated; and Count Koningsmark having fallen in love with her while abroad, caused Thynne to be shot in his own carriage in Pall-Mall. To this horrid story the following lines allude.---*Ibid.*

[3] Count Koningsmark.---*Ibid.*

[4] ANNA.---*Ibid.* [5] MASHAM.---*Ibid.*

[6] Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.---*Ibid.*

[7] This ballad refers to the history of Mrs. Manley, a political writer. It is difficult to say what could have tempted Swift to attack her so severely, at a time when they were

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums
While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus: "This little maid
Of love shall always speak and write;"
"And I pronounce," the Satyr said,
"The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

Her talent she display'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons,
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old, the subtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little miss
Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad:
And how, when master went to p—,
Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve, a wit and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

both zealously engaged in the same political cause. But wits are not famous for discriminating between friends and enemies.—*Scott.*

Her common-place book all gallant is,
Of scandal now a cornucopia;
She pours it out in Atalantis,
Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.[1]

Midas, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his beard; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup:
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill.
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head;
Whene'er he chanced his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence, by wise farmers we are told

[1] This cutting satire upon the Duke of Marlborough was written about the time when he was deprived of his employments.

Old hay is equal to old gold :[1]
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit ;
And people fancied he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide :
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed :
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge ;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs :
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel ;
Midas, exposed to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader ;
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent. ?

[1] The Duke of Marlborough was accused of having received large sums, as perquisites, from the contractors, who furnished bread, forage, &c. to the army.---*Scott*.

By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call;
And there's the jest, for Pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas, too, has asses' ears:
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.
But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There's nothing fouls the hand so much;
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.[1]
While he his utmost strength applied,

[1] The result of the investigations of the House of Commons was the removal of the Duke of Marlborough from his command, and all his employments.---*Scott*.

To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may 't do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears, and dirty hands.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,
TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S HEAD CLUB.

Imitated from Horace, Lib. i. Epist. 5.

Toland, the Deist, distinguished himself as a party writer in behalf of the Whigs. He wrote a pamphlet on the demolition of Dunkirk, and another called "The Art of Reasoning," in which he directly charged Oxford with the purpose of bringing in the Pretender. The Earl of Nottingham, here, as elsewhere, called Dismal from his swarthy complexion, was bred a rigid High-Churchman, and was only induced to support the Whigs, in their resolutions against a peace, by their consenting to the bill against occasional conformity. He was so distinguished for regularity, as to be termed by Rowe

The sober Earl of Nottingham,
Of sober sire descended.

From these points of his character, we may estimate the severity of the following satire, which represents this pillar of High-Church principles as invited by the infidel and republican Toland to solemnize the 30th January, by attending the Calves' Head Club.—*Scott.*

If, dearest *Dismal*, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish, and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calf's head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
How by brave hands the royal traitor fell;
The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predecessors shed;
While an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast, "Confusion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly show our spite,
And talk, what fools call treason, all the night.
Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, even Scarborough is brave,
Hal[1] grows more pert, and Somers[2] not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleaveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his
wand;

[1] Right Honourable Henry Boyle.---*Scott.*

[2] Swift elsewhere objects to the formality of Somers's manners.---*Ibid.*

And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the man you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's grace,
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place;
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.
Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you're gone abroad;
He'll teaze you with King Charles, and Bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers;
But, if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

PEACE AND DUNKIRK.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SURRENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL.

1712.

To the tune of "The King shall enjoy his own again."

SPITE of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk's ours, we'll hold it fast.
We have got it in a string,
And the Whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will, or ought to end in ropes;
"But the Queen shall enjoy her own again."

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
And Dismal double Dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
And strutting Hal is off the hooks;
Old Godolphin, full of spleen,
Made false moves, and lost his Queen;
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane:
But a Prince of high renown
Swore he'd rather lose a crown,
"Than the Queen should enjoy her own again."

Our merchant-ships may cut the line,
And not be snapt by privateers,

And commoners who love good wine
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise *cent. per cent.*
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain:
We'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
"And the Queen shall enjoy her own again."

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the Lord of Oxford swears,
Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
But true Englishmen may fill
A good health to General Hill:
"For the Queen now enjoys her own again."

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

1713.

Harley, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possest,
All Europe's business in his breast,)
Observed a parson near Whitehall,
Cheapening old authors on a stall.

The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now disposed to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis[1] go in quest
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)—
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleased, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat;
In state opinions *à la mode*;

[1] Erasmus Lewis, Esq. the treasurer's secretary.

He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And, since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth, if this be so;
Step to the doctor straight, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir,
But coldly said, "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cried:
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley spies
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross, among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beckoning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—

"My lord—the honour you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had dined—
I'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect"—
"Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you'll be sure to come at four."
The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the Park to ride,
In winter—never to reside.
A canon!—that's a place too mean:
No, doctor, you shall be a dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departs, and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
Suppose him now a dean complete,

Demurely lolling in his seat:
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.
Now, all the doctor's money spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combined,
Force him to take his tithes in kind,
And Parvisol[1] discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read[2] would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, reverend dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much that you neglect yourself.

[1] The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.—*Scott.*
[2] The lord treasurer's porter.—*Ibid.*

What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye?
Or is your money out at use?"—
"Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
(The doctor in a passion cried,)
"Your raillery is misapplied;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But you resolved to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[A few of the first lines are wanting.]

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * By an old———pursued,
A crazy prelate,[1] and a royal prude;[2]

[1] Dr. John Sharpe, who, for some unbecoming reflections in his sermons, had been suspended, May 14, 1686, was raised from the Deanery of Canterbury, to the Archbishopric of York, July 5, 1691; and died February 2, 1712-13. According to Dr. Swift's account, the archbishop had represented him to the queen as a person that was not a Christian; a great lady [the Duchess of Somerset] supported the aspersion; and the queen, upon such assurances, had given away a bishopric contrary to her majesty's first intentions [which were in favour of Swift].—*Orrery.*

[2] Queen Anne.—*Scott.*

By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God.
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconciled divinity and wit:
He moved and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor show'd the parson in his gait or face;
Despised luxurious wines and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; saw those that saw the queen;
At Child's or Truby's,[1] never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secured by numbers from the laymen's gibes;
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But, after sage monitions from his friends,

[1] Coffeehouses frequented by the clergy. In the preceding poem, Swift gives the same trait of his own character:

A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat.

His feeling towards his order was exactly the reverse of his celebrated misanthropical expression of hating mankind, but loving individuals. On the contrary, he loved the church, but disliked associating with individual clergymen.—*Scott.*

His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.
And now, the public interest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private, when superiors wait:
And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes, and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks: the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a duke were passing by.
Now Finch[1] alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain.
Finch, famed for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislaby,[2] to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the secret's out:
"A certain doctor is observed of late
To haunt a certain minister of state:
From whence with half an eye we may discover
The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."
York is from Lambeth sent, to show the queen
A dangerous treatise[3] writ against the spleen;

[1] Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham.—*Scott.*

[2] John Aislaby, then M.P. for Ripon. They both spoke against him in the House of Commons.—*Ibid.*

[3] Tale of a Tub.—*Ibid.*

Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon,[1] and repents too late.

Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ******* spouse:[2]
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen incensed, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.[3]
Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.[4]
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.

By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the dean!
Now Delawar[5] again familiar grows;

[1] He sent a message to ask Swift's pardon.---*Scott.*

[2] Insert "*murder'd.*" The duchess's first husband, Thomas Thynne, Esq., was assassinated in Pall Mall by banditti, the emissaries of Count Coningsmarc. As the motive of this crime was the count's love to the lady, with whom Thynne had never cohabited, Swift seems to throw upon her the imputation of being privy to the crime. See the Windsor Prophecy.—*Ibid.*

[3] The Duke of Argyle.—*Ibid.*

[4] For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."—*Ibid.*

[5] Then lord-treasurer of the household, who cautiously avoided Swift, while the proclamation was impending.---*Ibid.*

And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend.[1]
By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

THE FAGOT.[2]

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT VARIANCE, 1713.

Observe the dying father speak,
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And strove, by turns, to break the fagot:
In vain; the complicated wands

[1] He was visited by the Scots lords more than ever.---*Scott.*

[2] This fable is one of the vain remonstrances by which Swift strove to close the breach between Oxford and Bolingbroke, in the last period of their administration, which, to use Swift's own words, was "nothing else but a scene of murmuring and discontent, quarrel and misunderstanding, animosity and hatred;" so that these two great men had scarcely a common friend left, except the author himself, who laboured with unavailing zeal to reconcile their dissensions.---*Ibid.*

Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be, in friendship tied;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable, and the moral.

This tale may be applied in few words,
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;
And others, who, in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarterstaffs instead of white;
Or constable, with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clattering cease;
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.

In history we never found
The consul's fasces were unbound:
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The pretor broke the consul's head!
Or consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the pretor down!

Come, courtiers: every man his stick!
Lord treasurer, for once be quick:
And that they may the closer cling,

Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt,[1] bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Dispatch, or else that rascal Northey[2]
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be assured, the court will find him
Prepared to leap o'er sticks, or bind them.
To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy general's staff:
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers, down to Craggs and Walpole.

IMITATION

OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE. 1714.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

[1] Lord Chancellor.---*Scott.*
[2] Sir Edward Northey, attorney-general.---*Ibid.*

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
[" [1] But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
" If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,[2]
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'"]
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;[3]

[1] The twenty lines within hooks were added by Mr. Pope. ---*Scott.*

[2] An apprehension of the loss of intellect gave the Dean great uneasiness through life.---*Ibid.*

[3] Swift was perpetually expressing his deep discontent at his Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England, and courted Queen Caroline

Nor cross the channel twice a-year,
To spent six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I trust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd!"

and Sir Robert Walpole to effect such a change. A negotiation had nearly taken place between the Dean and Mr. Talbot for the living of Burfield, in Berkshire. Mr. Talbot himself informed me of this negotiation. Burfield is in the neighbourhood of Bucklebury, Lord Bolingbroke's seat.---*Warton.*

Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit.
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help, the cause is gone—"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider, 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you[1]——"

[1] Very happily turned from "Si vis, potes——"— *Warton.*

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four,)
Since Harley bid me first attend,[1]
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;[2]
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,

[1] The rise and progress of Swift's intimacy with Lord Oxford is minutely detailed in his Journal to Stella. And the reasons why a man, that served the ministry so effectually, was so tardily, and so difficultly, and so poorly rewarded, are explained in Sheridan's Life of Swift. See also Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole. Both Gay and Swift conceived every thing was to be gained by the interest of Mrs. Howard, to whom they paid incessant court.—*Bowles.*

[2] Another of their amusements in these excursions consisted in Lord Oxford and Swift's counting the poultry on the road, and whichever reckoned thirty-one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman, won the game. Bolingbroke, overtaking them one day in their road to Windsor, got into Lord Oxford's coach, and began some political conversation; Lord Oxford said, "Swift, I am up; there is a cat." Bolingbroke was disgusted with this levity, and went again into his own carriage. This was

——"Nugari et discincti ludere"

with a witness.—*Warton.*

As once a-week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean!
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *téte-à-téte*;
What! they admire him for his jokes?—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great:
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?
And, though I solemnly declare
I known no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost:

Yet always wishing to retreat,
O, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.[1]

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ.

1714.

Dick, thou'rt resolved, as I am told,
Some strange arcana to unfold,
And with the help of Buckley's[2] pen,
To vamp the good old cause again:
Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the commons' chair,)
That we a German prince must own,
When Anne for Heaven resigns her throne.

[1] Thus far was translated by Dr. Swift in 1714. The remaining part of the satire was afterwards added by Mr. Pope; in whose works the whole is printed. See Dr. Warton's edition, vol. vi. p. 13.

[2] Samuel Buckley, publisher of the Crisis.

But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout,
With—who is in—and who is out;
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the Lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state:
And of that dreadful *coup d'éclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth! (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet atoned!
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edged tools.
But, since thou'st got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shalt have eased thy conscience,
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;
And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-Lane to shape thy style:

"To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father, join to tell us,
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay;
By which wise conduct they grow friends
At last—and so the story ends."[1]
When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art;[2]
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses—some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Received from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Didst in thy calling do thy best.
But now the senate (if things hit,
And thou at Stockbridge[3] wert not bit)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with immortal honours crown,
While, patriot-like, thou'lt strut and frown.

[1] This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town.---*Swift.*

[2] Not alluding, as I conceive, to Steele's researches in alchemy, but to his assumed character of Squire Bickerstaff, a conjuror, whose advice to various distressed females may be seen in the Tatler, and is ridiculed in the lines which follow.---*Scott.*

[3] The borough which, for a very short time, Steele represented in Parliament.---*Ibid.*

What though by enemies 'tis said,
The laurel, which adorns thy head,
Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some sly petition:
Yet mum for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the idol faces,
As through the hall thy worship paces;
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter,)
Methinks I see a blackguard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung.
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syl-lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel.[1]
What though her highness and her spouse,
In Antwerp[2] keep a frugal house,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,

[1] Abel Roper, a blackguard Tory bookseller.—*Scott.*

[2] The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough then resided at Antwerp.---*Ibid.*

If to Macartney[1] thou wilt toast,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now, manfully thou'lt run a tilt
"On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the Christian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all's true thou'st said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for state affairs as fit
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise;
To some snug cellar let's repair,
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port;
With which inspired, we'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Phillips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jennys.

[1] General Macartney, second to Lord Mohun, in the fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS, THE SHELTERING POET'S INVITATION TO RICHARD STEELE, THE SECLUDED PARTY-WRITER AND MEMBER, TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM, IN THE MINT.

1714.

Fit to be bound up with The Crisis.

If thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we minters, with ragouts unstored,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas box,[1]
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a Papist bred,
Has an alarm against that worship spread,
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on proposals musing.
'Tis true, that Bloomsbury-square's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
Where shoulder dabbers are in execution?

[1] See the pamphlet written against Steele, under the name of Toby, (Edward King,) Abel Roper's kinsman and shopman.

Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And cease to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
From Highgate's steep ascent and Hampstead's height,
With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's Field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.
Here I, even I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
Am in a state of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,[1]
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovoked without, and calm within:
And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy bub shalt fail,

[1] Poor Dennis had a notion, that he was much dreaded by the French for his writings, and actually fled from the coast, on hearing that some unknown strangers had approached the town, where he was residing, never doubting that they were the messengers of Gallic vengeance. At the time of the peace of Utrecht, he was anxious for the introduction of a clause for his special protection, and was hardly consoled by the Duke of Marlborough's assurances, that he did not think such a precaution necessary in his own case, although he had been almost as obnoxious to France as Mr. Dennis.---*Scott.*

My landlord's cellar stock'd with beer and ale,
With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every country's generous produce.
The ready (for here Christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,
Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
For mead or cider, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flask or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington[1] when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
Against the late rejected commerce bill
Made thee rise up, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.

But if thou soar'st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
And nothing can go down with thee but wines
Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lovest a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feast.

The fire's already lighted; and the maid

[1] Pilkington was a zealous adherent of the opposition party, in the latter years of Charles II.

Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this act of grace, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter Eve,
Had she not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th' ingenious author of The Lover.

Cease, therefore, to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Pr'ythee what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose, and on what topics dwell;
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I,
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week,
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.

Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's stept,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,

To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o' th' water.
Why has my Lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He's but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping usurer, does spare
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:
As, in despight of a censorious race,
I most incontinently suck my face.
What mighty projects does not he design, [wine?
Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even Somers to disclose his art,
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.[1]
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it 'stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see,

[1] See the grounds of this charge in Examiner, vol. iv. p. 433.

And S******, when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
W******, by virtue of his juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives Lord Wingham aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech;
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half seas o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promised, thou may'st rest assured
Shall faithfully and gladly be procured.
Nay, I'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest you at their sight shouldst make wry faces,
The girl has scour'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou may'st see thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due provision has been made,
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
There's not a man among them but must please,
Since they're as like each other as are pease.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word
They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he's no other invitation
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left:

But their discourses smell so much of theft,
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;
Though, if I may my serious judgment give,
I'm wholly for King Charles's number five:
That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
And that, if thou'lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
I've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
But to request thou'lt instantly away,
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well-skill'd retainer in a host:
Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
And o'er his grace's horses have an eye.
While thou, who slunk thro' postern more than once,
Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple Stairs,
Leav'st Phillips with good words to cheat their ears.

IN SICKNESS.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND IN OCTOBER, 1714.

'Tis true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither loved nor known?

My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging, tender friend,
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burthen grown
To others, ere it be my own.
  Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick;
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expired to-day, entomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715, ON AN ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE TEST ACT.

The intelligent reader will easily perceive why the name of Music is given in this apologue to the Church of England; and Bawty, a Scotch name for a dog, to the dissenters.—*Scott.*

A Bitch, that was full pregnant grown
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here, and there, and everywhere,
To find an easy place to lay her.

At length to Music's house[1] she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," said she,
"You see 'tis mere necessity
Hath sent me to your house to whelp:
I die if you refuse your help."

With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful sigh, and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty[2] did so far prevail,
That Music gave her leave to litter;
(But mark what follow'd—faith! she bit her;)
Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,

[1] The Church of England.
[2] A Scotch name for bitch, alluding to the kirk.

And broth enough to fill her paps;
For well she knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.
But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone,
In civil terms, "My friend," said she,
"My house you've had on courtesy;
And now I earnestly desire,
That you would with your cubs retire;
For, should you stay but one week longer,
I shall be starved with cold and hunger."
The guest replied—"My friend, your leave
I must a little longer crave;
Stay till my tender cubs can find
Their way—for now, you see, they're blind;
But, when we've gather'd strength, I swear,
We'll to our barn again repair."
The time pass'd on; and Music came
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cried—"A bite! bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER. SENT TO HIM WHEN IN THE TOWER, 1716.

THESE spirited verses, although they have not the affecting pathos of those addressed by Pope to the same great person, during his misfortunes, evince the firmness of Swift's political principles and personal attachment.---*Scott*.

How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack;
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repulsed, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff,[1] nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.

Next faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me:

[1] The ensign of the lord treasurer's office.

For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

ON THE CHURCH'S DANGER.

Good Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
The Church has vapours; there's no danger nigh.
In those we love not, we no danger see,
And were they hang'd, there would no danger be.
But we must silent be, amidst our fears,
And not believe our senses, but the Peers.
So ravishers, that know no sense of shame,
First stop her mouth, and then debauch the dame.

A POEM ON HIGH CHURCH.

High Church is undone,
As sure as a gun,
For old Peter Patch is departed;
And Eyres and Delaune,
And the rest of that spawn,
Are tacking about broken-hearted.

For strong Gill of Sarum,
That *decoctum amarum*,

Has prescribed a dose of cant-fail;
Which will make them resign
Their flasks of French wine,
And spice up their Nottingham ale.

It purges the spleen
Of dislike to the queen,
And has one effect that is odder;
When easement they use,
They always will choose
The Conformity Bill for bumfodder.

A POEM,

OCCASIONED BY THE HANGINGS IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, IN WHICH THE STORY OF PHAETON IS EXPRESSED.

Not asking or expecting aught,
One day I went to view the court,
Unbent and free from care or thought,
Though thither fears and hopes resort.

A piece of tapestry took my eye,
The faded colours spoke it old;
But wrought with curious imagery,
The figures lively seem'd and bold.

Here you might see the youth prevail,
(In vain are eloquence and wit,)
The boy persists, Apollo's frail;
Wisdom to nature does submit.

There mounts the eager charioteer;
Soon from his seat he's downward hurl'd;
Here Jove in anger doth appear,
There all, beneath, the flaming world.

What does this idle fiction mean?
Is truth at court in such disgrace,
It may not on the walls be seen,
Nor e'en in picture show its face?

No, no, 'tis not a senseless tale,
By sweet-tongued Ovid dress'd so fine;
It does important truths conceal,
And here was placed by wise design.

A lesson deep with learning fraught,
Worthy the cabinet of kings;
Fit subject of their constant thought,
In matchless verse the poet sings.

Well should he weigh, who does aspire
To empire, whether truly great,
His head, his heart, his hand, conspire,
To make him equal to that seat.

If only fond desire of sway,
By avarice or ambition fed,
Make him affect to guide the day,
Alas! what strange confusion's bred!

If, either void of princely care,
Remiss he holds the slacken'd rein;
If rising heats or mad career,
Unskill'd, he knows not to restrain:

Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,
In wanton pride to show his skill,
How easily he can reduce
And curb the people's rage at will;

In wild uproar they hurry on;—
The great, the good, the just, the wise,
(Law and religion overthrown,)
Are first mark'd out for sacrifice.

When, to a height their fury grown,
Finding, too late, he can't retire,
He proves the real Phaeton,
And truly sets the world on fire.

A TALE OF A NETTLE.[1]

A Man with expense and infinite toil,
By digging and dunging, ennobled his soil;
There fruits of the best your taste did invite,
And uniform order still courted the sight.
No degenerate weeds the rich ground did produce,
But all things afforded both beauty and use:
Till from dunghill transplanted, while yet but a seed,
A nettle rear'd up his inglorious head.
The gard'ner would wisely have rooted him up,
To stop the increase of a barbarous crop;

[1] These verses relate to the proposed repeal of the Test-act, and may be compared with the "Fable of the Bitches," p. 74.

But the master forbid him, and after the fashion
Of foolish good nature, and blind moderation,
Forbore him through pity, and chose as much rather,
To ask him some questions first, how he came
thither.
Kind sir, quoth the nettle, a stranger I come,
For conscience compell'd to relinquish my home,
'Cause I wouldn't subscribe to a mystery dark,
That the prince of all trees is the Jesuit's bark,[1]
An erroneous tenet I know, sir, that you,
No more than myself, will allow to be true.
To you, I for refuge and sanctuary sue,
There's none so renown'd for compassion as you;
And, though in some things I may differ from these,
The rest of your fruitful and beautiful trees;
Though your digging and dunging, my nature
much harms,
And I cannot comply with your garden in forms:
Yet I and my family, after our fashion,
Will peaceably stick to our own education.
Be pleased to allow them a place for to rest 'em,
For the rest of your trees we will never molest 'em;
A kind shelter to us and protection afford,
We'll do you no harm, sir, I'll give you my word.
The good man was soon won by this plausible tale,
So fraud on good-nature doth often prevail.
He welcomes his guest, gives him free toleration
In the midst of his garden to take up his station,

[1] In allusion to the supremacy of Rome.—*Scott.*

And into his breast doth his enemy bring,
He little suspected the nettle could sting.
'Till flush'd with success, and of strength to be fear'd,
Around him a numerous offspring he rear'd.
Then the master grew sensible what he had done,
And fain he would have his new guest to be gone;
But now 'twas too late to bid him turn out,
A well rooted possession already was got.
The old trees decay'd, and in their room grew
A stubborn, pestilent, poisonous crew.
The master, who first the young brood had admitted,
They stung like ingrates, and left him unpitied.
No help from manuring or planting was found,
The ill weeds had eat out the heart of the ground.
All weeds they let in, and none they refuse
That would join to oppose the good man of the house.
Thus one nettle uncropp'd, increased to such store,
That 'twas nothing but weeds what was garden before.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY RELATING TO IRISH POLITICS.

PARODY

ON THE SPEECH OF DR. BENJAMIN PRATT,
PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE,[1]
TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ILLUSTRIOUS prince, we're come before ye,
Who, more than in our founders, glory
To be by you protected;

[1] Dr. Pratt's speech, which is here parodied, was made when the Duke of Ormond, Swift's valued friend, was attainted, and superseded in the office of chancellor of Trinity College, which he had held from 1688-9, by the Prince of Wales, afterward George II.

There is great reason to suppose that the satire is the work of Swift, whose attachment to Ormond was uniformly ardent. Of this it may be worth while to mention a trifling instance. The duke had presented to the cathedral of St. Patrick's a superb organ, surmounted by his own armorial bearings. It was placed facing the nave of the church. But after Ormond's attainder, Swift, as Dean of St. Patrick's, received orders from government to remove the scutcheon from the church. He obeyed, but he placed the shield in the great aisle, where he himself and Stella lie buried, and where the arms still remain. The verses have suffered much by the inaccuracy of the noble transcriber, Lord Newtoun Butler.

The original speech will be found in the London Gazette of Tuesday, April 17, 1716, and Scott's edition of Swift,

Deign to descend and give us laws,
For we are converts to your cause,
From this day well-affected.[1]

The noble view of your high merits
Has charm'd our thoughts and fix'd our spirits,
With zeal so warm and hearty;
That we resolved to be devoted,
At least until we be promoted,
By your just power and party.

Urged by a passionate desire
Of being raised a little higher,
From lazy cloister'd life;
We cannot flatter you nor fawn,
But fain would honour'd be with lawn,
And settled by a wife.[2]

For this we have before resorted,
Paid levees[3] punctually, and courted,
Our charge at home long quitting,

vol. xii. p. 352. The Provost, it appears, was attended by the Rev. Dr. Howard, and Mr. George Berkeley, (afterwards Bishop of Cloyne,) both of them fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. The speech was praised by Addison, in the Freeholder, though his classical taste must have suffered, while his loyalty approved.---*Scott.*

[1] The Rev. Dr. Pratt had been formerly of the Tory party; to which circumstance the phrase, "from this day well-affected," alludes.---*Scott.*

[2] The statutes of the university enjoin celibacy.---*Scott.*

[3] The provost was a most constant attendant at the levees at St. James's palace.---*Scott.*

But now we're come just in the nick,
Upon a vacant[1] bishopric,
This bait can't fail of hitting.

Thus, sir, you see how much affection,
Not interest, sways in this election,
But sense of loyal duty.
For you surpass all princes far,
As glow-worms do exceed a star,
In goodness, wit, and beauty.

To you our Irish Commons owe
That wisdom which their actions show,
Their principles from ours springs,
Taught, ere the deel himself could dream on't,
That of their illustrious house a stem on't,
Should rise the best of kings.

The glad presages with our eyes
Behold a king, chaste, vigilant, and wise,
In foreign fields victorious,
Who in his youth the Turks attacks,
And [made] them still to turn their backs;
Was ever king so glorious?

Since Ormond's like a traitor gone,
We scorn to do what some have done,
For learning much more famous;[2]

[1] The see of Killaloe was then vacant, and to this bishopric the Reverend Dr. George Carr, chaplain to the Irish House of Commons, was nominated, by letters-patent.---*Scott*.

[2] Alluding to the sullen silence of Oxford upon the accession.---*Scott*.

Fools may pursue their adverse fate,
And stick to the unfortunate;
We laugh while they condemn us.

For, being of that gen'rous mind,
To success we are still inclined,
And quit the suffering side,
If on our friends cross planets frown,
We join the cry, and hunt them down,
And sail with wind and tide.

Hence 'twas this choice we long delay'd,
Till our rash foes the rebels fled,
Whilst fortune held the scale;
But [since] they're driven like mist before you,
Our rising sun, we now adore you,
Because you now prevail.

Descend then from your lofty seat,
Behold th' attending Muses wait
With us to sing your praises;
Calliope now strings up her lyre,
And Clio[1] Phœbus does inspire,
The theme their fancy raises.

If then our nursery you will nourish,
We and our Muses too will flourish,
Encouraged by your favour;

[1] This is spelled Chloe, but evidently should be Clio; indeed, many errors appear in the transcription, which probably were mistakes of the transcriber.---*Scott.*

We'll doctrines teach the times to serve,
And more five thousand pounds deserve,
By future good behaviour.

Now take our harp into your hand,
The joyful strings, at your command,
In doleful sounds no more shall mourn.
We, with sincerity of heart,
To all your tunes shall bear a part,
Unless we see the tables turn.

If so, great sir, you will excuse us,
For we and our attending Muses
May live to change our strain;
And turn, with merry hearts, our tune,
Upon some happy tenth of June,
To "the king enjoys his own again."

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,[1]

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET. 1720.

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."

Brocades, and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are, by Robert Ballantine, lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.

[1] This ballad alludes to the Dean's "Proposal for the use of Irish Manufactures," for which Waters, the printer, was prosecuted with great violence. Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed sent the jury repeatedly out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict.---*Scott*.

Though a printer and Dean,
Seditiously mean,
Our true Irish hearts from Old England to wean,
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The Dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be clothed like a carcass would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore, I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the Dean's book, they were in a great fury;
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And if swearing can do't shall be swingingly maul'd;
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS.[1]

1720.

The bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general sweep,
Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas,
Which, breaking bankers and the banks,
Resume their own whene'er they please.

[1] This poem was printed some years ago, and it should seem, by the late failure of two bankers, to be somewhat prophetic. It was therefore thought fit to be reprinted.---*Dub. Ed.*

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
Quakers and aldermen in state,
Like peers, have levees every day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The birds are met to strip the jays.

"Riches," the wisest monarch sings,
"Make pinions for themselves to fly;"
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
"That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers, o'er their bills and bags,
Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,

With power no more than other folk,
Exposed with all their magic ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

As when a conjurer takes a lease
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the bloody bond appears.

A baited banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall,
They have his soul, who have his bonds;
'Tis like the writing on the wall.

How will the caitiff wretch be scared,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepared,
And all his grand account to make!

For in that universal call,
Few bankers will to heaven be mounters;
They'll cry, "Ye shops, upon us fall!
Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When other hands the scales shall hold,
And they, in men's and angels' sight
Produced with all their bills and gold,
"Weigh'd in the balance and found light!"

UPON THE HORRID PLOT

DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG,[1] IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WHIG AND A TORY.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answer'd, that a dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjured dog denotes
Porter, and Pendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
WHIG. But you must know this dog was lame.
TORY. A weighty argument indeed!

[1] In Atterbury's trial a good deal of stress was laid upon the circumstance of a dog called Harlequin being mentioned in the intercepted correspondence. The dog was sent in a present to the bishop from Paris, and its leg was broken by the way.

Your evidence was lame :—proceed :
Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile.
WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while :
I mean a dog (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.
TORY. I'm still to seek, which dog you mean ;
Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skean,[1]
An English or an Irish hound ;
Or t'other puppy, that was drown'd ;
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch :
Then pray be free, and tell me which :
For every stander-by was marking,
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well, the dogs have got
Their dogs-head in a porridge-pot :
And 'twas but just ; for wise men say,
That every dog must have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't ;
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish,
Yet this I dare foretell you from it,
He'll soon return to his own vomit.
WHIG. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.

[1] John Kelly, and Skin, or Skinner, were persons engaged in the plot. Neynoe, whose declaration was taken before the lords of council, and used in evidence against the bishop, is the "t'other puppy who was drowned," which fate he encountered, in attempting to escape from the messengers.—*Scott.*

TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.
WHIG. I proved my proposition full:
But Jacobites are strangely dull.
Now, let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real cur,
A dog of spirit for his years;
Has twice too legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Resolved to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correspondence plainly dated,
Was all decipher'd and translated:
His answers were exceeding pretty,
Before the secret wise committee;
Confest as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot set his mark.
TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a dog in doublet:
The matter now no longer sticks:
For statesmen never want dog-tricks.
But since it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.
WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occasion for a plot;

And when we found the dog begin it,
We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.
TORY. I own it was a dangerous project,
And you have proved it by dog-logic.
Sure such intelligence between
A dog and bishop ne'er was seen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your bishops are all dogs indeed!

A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT
1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate has sunk our Justice Boat;
Why should he sink, where nothing seem'd to press,
His lading little, and his ballast less?
Tost in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length, his anchor fix'd and canvass furl'd,
To Lazy-hill[1] retiring from his court,
At his Ring's end[2] he founders in the port.
With water[3] fill'd, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger boat.
A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on boats are placed, not boats on benches.
And yet our Boat (how shall I reconcile it?)

[1] A street in Dublin, leading to the harbour.---*F.*
[2] A village near the sea.---*F.*
[3] It was said he died of a dropsy.---*F.*

Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot.
With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack:
Had many pendants, but abhorr'd a Jack.[1]
He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.

Behold the awful bench, on which he sat!
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that:
Yet when his sand was out, we find at last,
That death has overset him with a blast.
Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry;
Charon in him will ferry souls to Hell;
A trade our Boat[2] has practised here so well:
And Cerberus has ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimstone, to fill up his flaws.
Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again.
The way is thus: and well deserves your thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's Green:[3]
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry; look, here's our Boat, and there's the pendant.

[1] A cant word for a Jacobite.---*F.*

[2] In condemning malefactors, as a judge.---*F.*

[3] Where the Dublin gallows stands.---*F.*

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat within a coffin:
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes you must agree,
No boat was better deckt than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.[1]

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S[2] MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724.

LIBERTAS *et natale solum:*[3]
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;

[1] Query, Whether the author meant scholar, and wilfully mistook?---*Dublin Edit.*

[2] That noted chief-justice who twice prosecuted the Drapier, and dissolved the grand jury for not finding the bill against him.---*F.*

[3] This motto is repeatedly mentioned in the Drapier's Letters.---*Scott.*

My dear estate, how well I love it,
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it,
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal and turn out Broderick;[1]
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean,)
To humble that vexatious Dean:
And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret.[2]
Now since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum:
You had good reason when you stole 'em.

[1] Allan Broderick, Lord Viscount Middleton, was then lord-chancellor of Ireland.---*F.*

[2] Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.---*Scott.*

VERSES

ON THE REVIVAL OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH, DURING WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION, A. D. 1724. BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.[1]

Quoth King Robin, our ribbons I see are too few
Of St. Andrew's the green, and St. George's the blue.
I must find out another of colour more gay,
That will teach all my subjects with pride to obey.
Though the exchequer be drain'd by prodigal donors,
Yet the king ne'er exhausted his fountain of honours.
Men of more wit than money our pensions will fit,
And this will fit men of more money than wit.
Thus my subjects with pleasure will obey my commands,
Though as empty as Younge, and as saucy as Sandes.
And he who'll leap over a stick for the king,
Is qualified best for a dog in a string.

EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

Carteret was welcomed to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;

[1] These verses were communicated by Dr. Barrett, from a copy in his father's hand-writing. The subject and style authorize the tradition which ascribes them to Swift.---*Scott.*

Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE

ON OUR WANT OF SILVER, AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725.

As when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believed with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin,
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver face again.
Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is silver all this while.
So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician,[1]

[1] The Duchess of Kendal, who was to have a share of Wood's profits.---*Scott.*

Join'd with a brazen politician,[1]
Exposed, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment[2] of prodigious size;
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurors to the Devil;
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

By long observation I have understood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a wood-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Enclosed *cap à pie*, in a strong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears;
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,

[1] Sir Robert Walpole, nick-named Sir Robert Brass.---*Scott.*

[2] The patent for coining halfpence.---*F.*

To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone.[1]
The louse of the wood for a medicine is used,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruised.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood, either bruised or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice possest,
Or sick of obstructions, and pains in her chest.
The next is an insect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;
Because like a watch it always cries click;
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick:
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post;
But a kettle of scalding hot-water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
Of a governing statesman or favourite whore;
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now, since the Drapier has heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him;
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;

[1] He was in jail for debt.---*F.*

Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps[1] in a caldron of oil. [fagot,
Then choose which you please, and let each bring a
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

PROMETHEUS,

ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE. 1724.

As when the squire and tinker Wood
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chemic art
United close in every part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued species;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck.
So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite,
With equal interest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And every one begins to find

[1] Counterfeit halfpence.---*F.*

The same impression on his mind.
A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites;
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:
So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong that from the lower end,
They say all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold,
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolved, and into money coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of brass;
(Venus[1] was bribed to let it pass.)
Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godship raised;
No sacrifice on altars blazed;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amazed; but looking round,

[1] Duchess of Kendal.—*Scott.*

With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.
Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Tied with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

Ye powers of Grub-Street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him;
I mean his majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold,
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.
But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be tied,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER.

1725.

Salmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis:
Up at his forge by morning peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep;
Among a crew of roystering fellows
Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse;
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod,
Of polish'd brass his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he must thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;

They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Applied to Wood's adulterate copper:
Which, as he scatter'd, we, like dolts,
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better)
Which lighting on the impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Being an excellent new Song, supposed to be made, and sung in the Streets of Dublin, by William Wood, Ironmonger and Halfpenny-monger. 1725.

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine!

They'll sell to my grief
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;

And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing or toss on the knife.

Come hither and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing;
Come, threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding.[1]

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes:
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d—d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

[1] The Drapier's printer.—*F.*

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade;[1]
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass;
And so I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

Ye people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing;
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin.
Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,

[1] Two famous bankers.—*F.*

Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.

The soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His fivepence will prove but a farthing a-day,
For meat, or for drink; or he must run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his twopence, the tapster says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twentypence have for a twopenny loaf,
Then dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which, &c.

The butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.
Which, &c.

The beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left they must live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The squire who has got him twelve thousand a-year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-
room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the squire is too wise, he will not take a souse.
Which, &c.

The farmer who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his
trash.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mould.
Which, &c.

The wisest of lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure
on't.
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them, but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bless the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise:
He shows us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther, he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That he and his halfpence should come to weigh down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown:
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book 'tis against Mr. Wood's,
If you stand true together, he's left in the suds.
Which, &c.

Ye shopmen, and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or, egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM

UPON WILLIAM WOOD, BRAZIER, TINKER, HARDWAREMAN, COINER, FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE.

When foes are o'ercome, we preserve them from slaughter,
To be hewers of wood, and drawers of water.
Now, although to draw water is not very good,
Yet we all should rejoice to be hewers of Wood.
I own it has often provoked me to mutter,
That a rogue so obscure should make such a clutter;
But ancient philosophers wisely remark,
That old rotten wood will shine in the dark.
The Heathens, we read, had gods made of wood,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good;
But this idol Wood may do us great evil,
Their gods were of wood, but our Wood is the devil.
To cut down fine wood is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much gold it will bring:
Then, if cutting down wood brings money good store,
Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.

Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
(I forget in what church) an image of wood;
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole forest; nor was it a fiction
'Twas cut into fagots and put to the flame,
To burn an old friar, one Forest by name,

My tale is a wise one, if well understood:
Find you but the Friar; and I'll find the Wood.

I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt,
From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out,
Teague made a good pun by a brogue in his speech:
And said, "By my shoul, he's the son of a BEECH."
Some call him a thorn, the curse of the nation,
As thorns were design'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poisonous yew,
Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
Some say he's a birch, a thought very odd;
For none but a dunce would come under his rod.
But I'll tell the secret; and pray do not blab:
He is an old stump, cut out of a crab;
And England has put this crab to a hard use,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us ver-juice:
And therefore his witnesses justly may boast,
That none are more properly knights of the post.

But here Mr. Wood complains that we mock,
Though he may be a blockhead, he's no real block.
He can eat, drink, and sleep; now and then for a friend
He'll not be too proud an old kettle to mend;
He can lie like a courtier, and think it no scorn,
When gold's to be got, to forswear and suborn.
He can rap his own raps,[1] and has the true sapience,
To turn a good penny to twenty bad halfpence.
Then in spite of your sophistry, honest Will Wood
Is a man of this world, all true flesh and blood;

[1] Forge his own bad halfpence.—*Scott.*

So you are but in jest, and you will not, I hope,
Unman the poor knave for the sake of a trope.
'Tis a metaphor known to every plain thinker,
Just as when we say, the devil's a tinker,
Which cannot, in literal sense be made good,
Unless by the devil we mean Mr. Wood.

But some will object that the devil oft spoke,
In heathenish times, from the trunk of an oak;
And since we must grant there never were known
More heathenish times, than those of our own;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis the devil that puts
The words in Wood's mouth, or speaks from his guts:
And then your old arguments still will return;
Howe'er, let us try him, and see how he'll burn:
You'll pardon me, sir, your cunning I smoke,
But Wood, I assure you, is no heart of oak;
And, instead of the devil, this son of perdition
Hath join'd with himself two hags in commission.

I ne'er could endure my talent to smother:
I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.
A joiner to fasten a saint in a niche,
Bored a large auger-hole in the image's breech;
But, finding the statue to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinced it was a true saint.
When the true Wood arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
(For that's but a sham Wood they carry about;[1])
What stuff he is made of you quickly may find
If you make the same trial and bore him behind.

[1] He was burnt in effigy.—*Scott.*

I'll hold you a groat, when you wimble his bum,
He'll bellow as loud as the de'il in a drum.
From me, I declare you shall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may show him about for a new groaning board.

Now ask me a question. How came it to pass
Wood got so much copper? He got it by brass;
This brass was a dragon, (observe what I tell ye,)
This dragon had gotten two sows in his belly;
I know you will say this is all heathen Greek.
I own it, and therefore I leave you to seek.

I often have seen two plays very good,
Call'd Love in a Tub, and Love in a Wood;
These comedies twain friend Wood will contrive
On the scene of this land very soon to revive.
First, Love in a Tub: Squire Wood has in store
Strong tubs for his raps, two thousand and more;
These raps he will honestly dig out with shovels,
And sell them for gold, or he can't show his love else.
Wood swears he will do it for Ireland's good,
Then can you deny it is Love in a Wood?
However, if critics find fault with the phrase,
I hope you will own it is Love in a Maze:
For when to express a friend's love you are willing,
We never say more than your love is a million;
But with honest Wood's love there is no contending,
'Tis fifty round millions of love and a mending.
Then in his first love why should he be crost?
I hope he will find that no love is lost.

Hear one story more, and then I will stop.
I dreamt Wood was told he should die by a drop:
So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the first drop might as well be his last.
But dreams are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it proved that he died of a drop at Kilmainham.[1]
I waked with delight; and not without hope,
Very soon to see Wood drop down from a rope.
How he, and how we at each other should grin!
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the herald, I cannot agree;
For metal on metal is false heraldry.
Why that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood,
I'll maintain with my life, is heraldry good.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AGAINST WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

To the tune of "London is a fine town," &c.

O Dublin is a fine town
And a gallant city,
For Wood's trash is tumbled down,
Come listen to my ditty,
O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

[1] The place of execution near Dublin.—*Scott.*

In full assembly all did meet
Of every corporation,
From every lane and every street,
To save the sinking nation.
O Dublin, &c.

The bankers would not let it pass
For to be Wood's tellers,
Instead of gold to count his brass,
And fill their small-beer cellars.
O Dublin, &c.

And next to them, to take his coin
The Gild would not submit,
They all did go, and all did join,
And so their names they writ.
O Dublin, &c.

The brewers met within their hall,
And spoke in lofty strains,
These halfpence shall not pass at all,
They want so many grains.
O Dublin, &c.

The tailors came upon this pinch,
And wish'd the dog in hell,
Should we give this same Woods an inch,
We know he'd take an ell.
O Dublin, &c.

But now the noble clothiers
Of honour and renown,

If they take Wood's halfpence
They will be all cast down.
O Dublin, &c.

The shoemakers came on the next,
And said they would much rather,
Than be by Wood's copper vext,
Take money stampt on leather.
O Dublin, &c.

The chandlers next in order came,
And what they said was right,
They hoped the rogue that laid the scheme
Would soon be brought to light.
O Dublin, &c.

And that if Woods were now withstood,
To his eternal scandal,
That twenty of these halfpence should
Not buy a farthing candle.
O Dublin, &c.

The butchers then, those men so brave,
Spoke thus, and with a frown;
Should Woods, that cunning scoundrel knave,
Come here, we'd knock him down.
O Dublin, &c.

For any rogue that comes to truck
And trick away our trade,
Deserves not only to be stuck,
But also to be flay'd.
O Dublin, &c.

The bakers in a ferment were,
And wisely shook their head;
Should these brass tokens once come here,
We'd all have lost our bread.
O Dublin, &c.

It set the very tinkers mad,
The baseness of the metal,
Because, they said, it was so bad
It would not mend a kettle.
O Dublin, &c.

The carpenters and joiners stood
Confounded in a maze,
They seem'd to be all in a wood,
And so they went their ways.
O Dublin, &c.

This coin how well could we employ it
In raising of a statue,
To those brave men that would destroy it,
And then, old Woods, have at you.
O Dublin, &c.

God prosper long our tradesmen then,
And so he will I hope,
May they be still such honest men,
When Woods has got a rope.
O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

VERSES

ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE, WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

The church I hate, and have good reason,
For there my grandsire cut his weasand:
He cut his weasand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

In church your grandsire cut his throat;
To do the job too long he tarried:
He should have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before he married.

ON THE SAME.

THE JUDGE SPEAKS.

I'm not the grandson of that ass[1] Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grandame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In Christ-Church cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce*.

[1] An alderman.---*F.*

EPIGRAM.

APRIL, 1735. IN ANSWER TO THE DEAN'S VERSES ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

What though the Dean hears not the knell
Of the next church's passing bell;
What though the thunder from a cloud,
Or that from female tongue more loud,
Alarm not; At the Drapier's ear,
Chink but Wood's halfpence, and he'll hear.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, tost on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou fix'd of old, be now the moving land!
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.

Unhappy ship, thou art return'd in vain;
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.

Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Lost are thy oars, that used thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors, on either side.
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood,
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind;
Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel;
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags,
The nation scared, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in popular breath.

A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now;
A nation thus, who oft Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injured Heaven relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.

Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She saved Britannia's rights, and lost her own.
In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lured by the gilded stern and painted sides:
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and satins raved,
And quite forgot their country was enslaved.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and sea-sick, when in thee confined,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

VERSES

ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL, NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726.

By holy zeal inspired, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy[1] o'errun.
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
Hither from Colchos,[2] with the fleecy ore,
Jason arrived two thousand years before.
Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown:[3]
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace[4]

[1] Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and whence he received his mission; and because he had his new birth there, by poetical license, and by scripture figure, our author calls that country his native Italy.---*Dub. Ed.*

[2] Orpheus, or the ancient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, says, that Jason, who manned the ship Argos at Thessaly, sailed to Ireland. And Adrianus Junius says the same thing, in these lines:---

Illa ego sum Graiis, olim glacialis Ierne
Dicta, et Jasoniæ puppis bene cognita nautis.---*Dub. Ed.*

[3] Tacitus, in the Life of Julius Agricola, says, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than those of Britain.---*Scott.*

[4] Fordun, in his Scoti-Chronicon, Hector Boethius, Buchanan, and all the Scottish historians, agree that Fergus, son of Ferquard, King of Ireland, was the first King of Scotland, which country he subdued.---*Scott.*

The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize;
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger sons.
A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid,[1]
Those whom they could not conquer they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time has made in thee!
The Christian rites I introduced in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.

[1] In the reign of Henry II., Dermot M'Morrough, king of Leinster, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the English over as auxiliaries.---*Scott.*

By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land:
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,[1]
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's sting.

With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop's gear,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state?

As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!

See, where that new devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.

[1] There are no snakes, vipers, or toads in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here till about the year 1700. The magpies came a short time before; and the Norway rats since.---*Dub. Ed.* These plagues are all alluded to in this and the subsequent stanzas.---*Scott.*

Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here, from the neighbouring nursery of arts,[1]
The students, drinking, raised their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improved their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discouraged youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;
Or, for the classics, read "The Attorney's Guide;"
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.

Oh! had I been apostle to the Swiss,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combined in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died;
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first;
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;

[1] The University of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591.---*Dub. Ed.*

When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass,[1]
But all turn leasers to that mongrel breed,[2]
Who, from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvest there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE,

CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A minister[3] so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the commonweal;
If he[4] who in the chair presides,
So steadily the senate guides;
If others, whom you make your theme,

[1] Wood's ruinous project against the people of Ireland was supported by Sir Robert Walpole in 1724.---*Dub. Ed.*

[2] The absentees, who spent the income of their Irish estates, places, and pensions, in England.---*Dub. Ed.*

[3] Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. Young's seventh satire is inscribed to him.---*Scott.*

[4] Sir Spencer Compton, then speaker, afterwards Earl of Wilmington, to whom the eighth satire is dedicated.---*Scott.*

Are seconds in the glorious scheme;
If every peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend;
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest!
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat:
Now on the bench fair Justice shines;
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne;
For such is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the sun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have named at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he?
Or take it in a different view.
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
If that same universal passion
With every vice has fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown:

If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise classics more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate,
As will retrieve a lost estate:
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich, and plague the poor:
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst?

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

Quoth the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I'll give you these delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than [you're,
And besides must be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread;
You'll fly, when you get what you came here to steal,
And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stockjobber thus from 'Change Alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be [spent!
Your offers of bribery cease:
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From London they come, silly people to chouse,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
That would turn a man out of his own?

A DIALOGUE[1]

BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I own, 'tis not my bread and butter,
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When if you search the kingdom round,

[1] This is a severe satire upon Richard Tighe, Esq., whom the Dean regarded as the officious informer against Sheridan, in the matter of the choice of a text for the accession of George I. Swift had faithfully promised to revenge the cause of his friend, and has certainly fully redeemed his pledge, in this and the following pasquinades. Mad Mullinix, or Molyneux, was a sort of crazy beggar, a Tory politician in his madness, who haunted the streets of Dublin about this time. In a paper subscribed Dr. Anthony, apparently a mountebank of somewhat the same description, the doctor is made to vindicate his loyalty and regard for the present constitution in church and state, by declaring that he always acted contrary to the politics of Captain John Molyneux. The immediate occasion for publication is assigned in the Intelligencer, in which paper the dialogue first appeared.---*Scott*.

"Having lately had an account, that a certain person of some distinction swore in a public coffee-house, that party

There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the priests and friars—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G—d d—n the liars!
M. The Tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G—d d—n the liars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord, how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*Aside.*
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish up
As Popish craft? did he not rail on't?
Show fire and fagot in the tail on't?

should never die while he lived, (although it has been the endeavour of the best and wisest among us, to abolish the ridiculous appellations of Whig and Tory, and entirely to turn our thoughts to the good of our prince and constitution in church and state,) I hope those who are well-wishers to our country, will think my labour not ill-bestowed, in giving this gentleman's principles the proper embellishments which they deserve; and since Mad Mullinix is the only Tory now remaining, who dares own himself to be so, I hope I may not be censured by those of his party, for making him hold a dialogue with one of less consequence on the other side. I shall not venture so far as to give the Christian nick-name of the person chiefly concerned, lest I should give offence, for which reason I shall call him Timothy, and leave the rest to the conjecture of the world."—*Intelligencer*, No. viii.

Proving the earl a grand offender;
And in a plot for the Pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?

M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory,
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Mar-all,[1] gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under,
Have dropt their arms, and seized the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian,
Thersites, (he was your relation,)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he served, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,

[1] A character in one of Dryden's comedies.---*H.*

Thy busy never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink,)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side, so d—n'd a nuisance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours; but, d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious:[1]
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories' terror, scourge, and flail.

[1] King William III.—*H.*

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their delight;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taste you know,
And often see a puppet-show:
Observe the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the scene:
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which pretender;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus with the devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to stir their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a pleasure mixt with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap:
The Duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviled all people in his jargon,
And sold the King of Spain a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;

He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his nose;
The reason why, no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him if they could;
While, teasing all, by all he's teased,
How well are the spectators pleased!
Who in the motion[1] have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in:
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound:
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter;

[1] Old word for a puppet-show.---*Scott.*

Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories,
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you.
  But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgraced at court.
  T. Got? D—n my blood! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—
Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' souls to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;

Consume my vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a-passing by!"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred?
Will none the Tory dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry halloo?
Must all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, "a plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy?
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or blest with such engaging parts
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destined at thy chops;

Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection;
Your parts are good, 'tis not denied;
I wish they had been well applied.
But now observe my counsel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin, too, that you may see
How much improved by Dr. ——)
I have a coat at home, that you may try:
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry;
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair;
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal, and so curl'd;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepared to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, keep you the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;

Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air;
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro:
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonnyclabber;
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human kind;

The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot-meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;
One shows how bravely Audouin died,
And at the gallows all denied;
How by the almanack 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time so long mispent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debased my mind;
I give myself entire to you;
G—d d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

TIM AND THE FABLES.

My meaning will be best unravell'd,
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable:

And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The monkey who had seen the world;
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The monkey was completely drest,
The beau in all his airs exprest.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original.
"By —," says Tim, and let a f—t,
"This graver understood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
I well remember when I sat for't.
My very face, at first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave;
He now began to storm and rave:
"The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me:
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such Jacobites as he deserve—
D—n me! I say they ought to starve."

TOM AND DICK.[1]

Tom[2] and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the best at farting.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.[3]

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was best at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in subjection.

[1] This satire is a parody on a song then fashionable.—*Scott.*

[2] Sir Thomas Prendergast.---*Ibid.*

[3] Tighe's ancestor was a contractor for furnishing the Parliament forces with bread during the civil wars.---*Ibid.*

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly skipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenced physician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous noes and ayes
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK, A MAGGOT.

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout:

So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal;
For as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz in show,
Like a fresh t—d just dropp'd on snow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

TO DICK.[1]

Foulest brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For wouldst thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud, a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout.
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

[1] This is a parody on the tenth poem of Cowley's "Mistress," entitled, "Clad all in White."—*Scott.*

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul:
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just,
That thou shouldst take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries "Dust to carry out!"

DICK'S VARIETY.

Dull uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules;
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C——
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.

And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys;
To better judgment still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.
But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scours the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture everywhere,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare,
He'd have them tried at the assizes
For priests and jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the Pretender.
But Dick can f—t, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by his ears,
Next moment in the House of Peers;
Now scolding at my Lady Eustace,
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.[1]
Presto! begone; with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the antichamber thrusting

[1] Tighe, it is said, used to beat his wife. There are allusions to his matrimonial discipline, in Swift's Journal to Stella.---*Scott.*

His nose, to get the circle just in;
And damns his blood that in the rear
He sees a single Tory there:
Then woe be to my lord-lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.[1]

TRAULUS.[2] PART I.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.[3]

1730.

Tom. Say, Robin, what can Traulus[4] mean
By bellowing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and libeller,
Yet cannot prove a single fact?

Robin. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crackt.

T. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?

[1] Farquhar, who inscribed his play of the "Inconstant" to Richard Tighe, has painted him in very different colours from those of the Dean's satirical pencil. Yet there may be discerned, even in that dedication, the outlines of a light mercurial character, capable of being represented as a coxcomb or fine gentleman, as should suit the purpose of the writer who was disposed to immortalize him.---*Scott.*

[2] The Dean in his speech to the Corporation of Dublin, complains of the strictures passed upon him by Lord Allen. His lordship's allegations that Swift was disaffected, produced the following severe retort.---*Scott.*

[3] Son of Dr. Charles Leslie.---*Scott.*

[4] Joshua Lord Allen.---*F.*

Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?
R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.
T. Such friendship never man profess'd,
The Dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nursed,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.
T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside, like mad Ulysses;
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence comes these inconsistent fits?
R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.
T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels, with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail;

The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus, when he first harangued,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.
R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly timed,
He shot before your foes were primed:
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G—! I'll bring you off as clean—"[1]
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

[1] This is the usual excuse of Traulus, when he abuses you to others without provocation.---*Swift.*

T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own, his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possest
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.
Of brethren he's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The Dean had felt their stings before;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What spirit, since the world began,
Could always bear to strive with man?

Which God pronounced he never would,
And soon convinced them by a flood.
Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS. PART II.

Traulus, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed;
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhaled from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View him on the mother's side,[1]
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,

[1] The mother of Lord Allen was sister to Robert, Earl of Kildare.---*Scott.*

Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:[1]
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear a knife:
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able

[1] John, Lord Allen, father of Joshua, the Traulus of the satire, was son of Sir Joshua Allen, Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1673, and grandson of John Allen, an architect in great esteem in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—*Scott.*

In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True indeed I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder:
May he at his latter end
Mount alive and dead descend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produced him, can you tell?
Human race, or imps of Hell?

A FABLE OF THE LION
AND OTHER BEASTS.[1]

One time a mighty plague did pester
All beasts domestic and sylvester.
The doctors all in concert join'd,
To see if they the cause could find;
And tried a world of remedies,
But none could conquer the disease.
The lion in this consternation,
Sends out his royal proclamation,

[1] The following poem is from the Dublin Weekly Journal, Saturday, November 17, 1730. "Many fugitive pieces by Swift and his friends occur in this paper, and, from internal evidence, one is strongly tempted to ascribe the following fables either to the Dean himself, or Sheridan or Delany, under his auspices."—*Scott.*

To all his loving subjects greeting,
Appointing them a solemn meeting:
And when they're gather'd round his den,
He spoke,—My lords and gentlemen,
I hope you're met full of the sense
Of this devouring pestilence;
For sure such heavy punishment,
On common crimes is rarely sent;
It must be some important cause,
Some great infraction of the laws.
Then let us search our consciences,
And every one his faults confess:
Let's judge from biggest to the least,
That he that is the foulest beast,
May for a sacrifice be given
To stop the wrath of angry Heaven.
And since no one is free from sin,
I with myself will first begin.
I have done many a thing that's ill
From a propensity to kill,
Slain many an ox, and, what is worse,
Have murder'd many a gallant horse;
Robb'd woods and fens, and, like a glutton,
Devour'd whole flocks of lamb and mutton;
Nay sometimes, for I dare not lie,
The shepherd went for company.—
He had gone on, but Chancellor Fox
Stands up——What signifies an ox?
What signifies a horse? Such things
Are honour'd when made sport for kings.
Then for the sheep, those foolish cattle,

Not fit for courage, or for battle;
And being tolerable meat,
They're good for nothing but to eat.
The shepherd too, young enemy,
Deserves no better destiny.
Sir, sir, your conscience is too nice,
Hunting's a princely exercise:
And those being all your subjects born,
Just when you please are to be torn.
And, sir, if this will not content ye,
We'll vote it nemine contradicente.
Thus after him they all confess,
They had been rogues, some more some less;
And yet by little slight excuses,
They all get clear of great abuses.
The Bear, the Tiger, beasts of flight,
And all that could but scratch and bite,
Nay e'en the Cat, of wicked nature,
That kills in sport her fellow-creature,
Went scot-free; but his gravity,
An ass of stupid memory,
Confess'd, as he went to a fair,
His back half broke with wooden-ware,
Chancing unluckily to pass
By a church-yard full of good grass,
Finding they'd open left the gate,
He ventured in, stoop'd down and eat. [ate.]
Hold, says Judge Wolf, such are the crimes
Have brought upon us these sad times,
'Twas sacrilege, and this vile ass
Shall die for eating holy grass.

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS.[1] 1731.

Old Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who ruled all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, Archbishop of Hell.
And He was a primate, and He wore a mitre,
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny:[2]
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious,
I wish I could find him out one more commodious;
But, this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there incog,
To give them by turns an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puft up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.

[1] Occasioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish House of Commons.---*F.* See Swift's Considerations on this and the bill for clerical residence. See also his remarkable letter to the Bishop of Clogher, and another to Sheridan.---*Scott.*

[2] The Bishop of Ossory.---*Scott.*

So the commons unhors'd them; and this was
their doom,
On their crosiers to ride like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may
find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Carr and Lord
Howard,[1]
In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the pretor,
Of a dozen apostles but one proved a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and
cleavings! [leavings;
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their
If making divisions was all their intent, [meant;
They've done it, we thank them, but not as they
And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!
Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.

[1] Dr. Theophilus Bolton was Archbishop of Cashel, from 1729 to 1744; Dr. Charles Carr, Bishop of Killaloe, from 1716 to 1739; and Dr. Robert Howard, Bishop of Elphin, from 1729 to 1740.—*N.*

If this you consider our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them, "divide and ye govern."
But courage, my lords, though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see't)
If your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.

But hold, cry the bishops, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shown,
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practised all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building you spittals!
You are only to live four years without victuals.

Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the Commons, for biting the biters.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

ADDRESSED TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.[1] LATE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
O! too nice, and too severe!
Think not, that my country song
Shall displease thy honest ear.
Chosen strains I proudly bring,
Which the Muses' sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.
Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains,
With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.
Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warns, instructs, and pleases well.
Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!
Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;

[1] Originally annexed to the Presbyterians' Plea of Merit. 1731.---*Scott.*

Still her tenderest notes infuse
Melting rapture, soft desire.
Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
Fondly pleased to be undone.
Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hostile blood.
Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly lived and died before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Waged the ten years' famous war.
But their names, unsung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.
Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king, without a name.
But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.
When the deep cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription;

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night;
Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.
Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand,
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.
Falsely we call the rich man great,
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.
He in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies:
Flies from death!—no, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.
This the sovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art he.

ON MR. PULTENEY'S[1] BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

Sir Robert,[2] wearied by Will Pulteney's teasings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolved that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
Ev'n quit the house, for thou too long hast sat in't,
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There near thy master's throne in shelter placed,
Let Will, unheard by thee, his thunder waste;
Yet still I fear your work is done but half,
For while he keeps his pen you are not safe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral when applied to you.
A hare had long escaped pursuing hounds,
By often shifting into distant grounds;

[1] Right Honourable William Pulteney, Esq. since Earl of Bath.---*F.*

[2] Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Garter, chief Minister of State, who resigned all his employments, December 4, 1741, and, on the 19th of February following, was created Earl of Orford. His lordship died the 18th of March, 1745-6, in the 70th year of his age.---*F.*

Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dogfish had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den,
(He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when.)
Out bounced the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distrest!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest:
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear;
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.
Thus was the hare pursued, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to Hell before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.[1]

[1] This hunting ended in the promotion of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but Earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath.---*H.*

ON THE WORDS BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND.

1733.

An inundation, says the fable,
Overflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity,
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, "Dear sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."

Thus Horace in the house will prate,
"Sir, we, the ministers of state."
Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,[1]
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth;
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton[2] his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are brother Protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did beget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,

[1] This provocation occasioned Bettesworth's personal attack upon the Dean, and commemorated in the poems which follow.---*Scott.*

[2] Henry Singleton, Esq. then prime sergeant, afterwards lord-chief-justice of the common pleas, which he resigned, and was some time after made master of the rolls.---*F.*

While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS.

BY WILLIAM DUNKIN.

Well! now, since the heat of my passion's abated,
That the Dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elated:—
Lampoon'd did I call it?—No—what was it then?
What was it?—'Twas fame to be lash'd by his pen:

For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E'en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile;
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of—but now I'm notorious:
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one;
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one:
If the end be obtain'd 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal:
So clysters applied to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head—
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard,
A man is a man, though he should be a bastard.
Why sure 'tis some comfort that heroes should
slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Æneas;
And who by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddized by madrigal Namby?[1]
A man is no more who has once lost his breath;
But poets convince us there's life after death.
They call from their graves the king, or the peasant;
Re-act our old deeds, and make what's past present:
And when they would study to set forth alike,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant or patriot, a Titus or Nero;
To a judge 'tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well-painted monkey's as good as a lion.
The scriptures affirm (as I heard in my youth,

[1] Ambrose Philips.—*Scott.*

For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
They say so; so be it, I care not a straw,
Although I be dead both in gospel and law;
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate;
What more can be said of prime sergeant or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

AN EPIGRAM.

INSCRIBED TO THE HONOURABLE SERGEANT KITE.

In your indignation what mercy appears,
While Jonathan's threaten'd with loss of his ears;
For who would not think it a much better choice,
By your knife to be mangled than rack'd with your voice.
If truly you [would] be revenged on the parson,
Command his attendance while you act your farce on;
Instead of your maiming, your shooting, or banging,
Bid Povey[1] secure him while you are haranguing.
Had this been your method to torture him, long since,
He had cut his own ears to be deaf to your nonsense.

[1] Povey was sergeant-at-arms to the House of Commons. ---*Scott.*

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD, UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.[1]

To the Tune of "Derry Down."

Jolly boys of St. Kevan's,[2] St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

[1] Grub Street Journal, No. 189, August 9, 1734.--- "In December last, Mr. Bettesworth, of the city of Dublin, serjeant-at-law, and member of parliament, openly swore, before many hundreds of people, that, upon the first opportunity, by the help of ruffians, he would murder or maim the Dean of St. Patrick's, (Dr. Swift.) Upon which thirty-one of the principal inhabitants of that liberty signed a paper to this effect: 'That, out of their great love and respect to the Dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath so many obligations, they would endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the said Dean against a certain man and all his ruffians and murderers.' With which paper they, in the name of themselves and all the inhabitants of the city, attended the Dean on January 8, who being extremely ill in bed of a giddiness and deafness, and not able to receive them, immediately dictated a very grateful answer. The occasion of a certain man's declaration of his villanous design against the Dean, was a frivolous unproved suspicion that he had written some lines in verse reflecting upon him."---*Scott.*

[2] Kevan Bayl was a cant expression for the mob of this district of Dublin.---*Scott.*

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse!
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedler, at speaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
What honester folk never durst for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same,
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they came.
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates;
Their rights! their importance! We'll set on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less;
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his old master, (I need not him name,)
To this damnable speaker had long owed a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounced, and he swore how he swore.[1]
Knock him down, &c.

Though he cringed to his deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zags were more fit for the shears.
Knock him down, &c.

[1] See the Dean's letter to the Duke of Dorset, in which he gives an account of his interview with Bettesworth, about which he alleges the sergeant had spread abroad five hundred falsehoods.---*Scott.*

On this worrier of deans whene'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword.
Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for insulters of deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That sergeant-at-law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his superiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL,[1] AND BETTESWORTH.

Dear Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move?
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound who attempted the Drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the man what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,
Say then more than they, nay, lavishly flatter;
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter;
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean.

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733.

Ye paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who, for a dinner, sell a vote;

[1] Dr. Theophilus Bolton, a particular friend of the Dean. —*Scott.*

[2] In the Dublin Edition, 1729.---*Scott.*

Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far removed from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses!*
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * *
* * * *

ON NOISY TOM.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI. PARAPHRASED.

1733.

If Noisy Tom[1] should in the senate prate,
"That he would answer both for church and state;
And, farther, to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;"
All mortals must be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
"What! thou, the spawn of him[2] who shamed our isle,
Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!
Though, by the female side,[3] you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king:
What was thy grandsire,[4] but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a-year:
Whose master Moore[5] preserved him from the halter,
For stealing cows! nor could he read the Psalter!
Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chase

[1] Sir Thomas Prendergast.---*F.*

[2] The father of Sir Thomas Prendergast, who engaged in a plot to murder King William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.---*F.*

[3] Cadogan's family.---*F.*

[4] A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.---*F.*

[5] The grandfather of Guy Moore, Esq., who procured him a pardon.---*F.*

Thy founder's grandson,[1] and usurp his place?
Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good?[2]
Then vote a worthy citizen to jail,[3]
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"[4]

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

1734-5.

Make Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!

[1] Guy Moore was fairly elected member of Parliament for Clonmel; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of parson-hunters, petitioned the House against him; out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.---*F.*

[2] "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat."---*F.*

[3] Mr. George Faulkner. Mr. Sergeant Bettesworth, a member of the Irish Parliament, having made a complaint to the House of Commons against the "Satire on Quadrille," they voted Faulkner the printer into custody (who was confined closely in prison three days, when he was in a very bad state of health, and his life in much danger) for not discovering the author.---*F.*

[4] Among the poems, &c. preserved by Mr. Smith are verses on the same subject and person with these in the text, ascribed by Swift to Dunkin.---*Scott's Edit.* vol. xii. p. 448.

Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost:
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew:
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most,
Who know there is a Holy Ghost;
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a christian more than they.
We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so Gospel-ward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us,
Come but to plunder and enslave us;

Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon, and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who shew'd a better *jus divinum?*
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refused *episcopari.*
Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus;
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, prithee,
Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a score of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a-year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishoprics are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin[1] chaste, and witty Crosse,[2]

[1] Richard Baldwin, Provost of Trinity College in 1717. He left behind him many natural children.---*Scott.*

[2] Rector of St. Mary's Dublin, in 1722; before which

How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

EPIGRAM.

Friend Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head, so weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB.

1736.

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect,
Placed against the church direct,

time he had been chaplain to the Smyrna Company. See the Epistolary Correspondence, May 26, 1720.---*Scott.*

Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.[1]
Tell us what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion Club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear:
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every skull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy that harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!

[1] On a scrap of paper, containing the memorials respecting the Dean's family, there occur the following lines, apparently the rough draught of the passage in the text.

"Making good that proverb odd,
Near the church and far from God,
Against the church direct is placed,
Like it both in head and waist."—*Scott.*

For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.
Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a-picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;

We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
Let Sir Tom,[1] that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjured rebel, bribed accuser,
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
See, the Muse unbars the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul:[2]
Styx, through Hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.

[1] Sir Thomas Prendergast.

[2] Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, &c.
Sit mihi fas audita loqui.---*Virg. Æn.* vi. 264.

Near the door an entrance gapes,[1]
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,[2]
See the dreadful strides she takes!
By this odious crew beset,[3]
I began to rage and fret,
And resolved to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick[4]
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What! said I, is this the mad-house?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus stands,[5]
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.[6]

[1] Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus et ultrices, &c.---*Virg. Æn.* vi. 273.

[2] ———Discordia demens,
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.---*Ibid.* 281.

[3] Corripit hic, subita trepidus, &c.
——Strictamque aciem venientibus offert.---*Ibid.* 290.

[4] Et ni docta comes tenues sine corpore, &c.---*Ibid.* 291.

[5] Et centumgeminus Briareus.---*Ibid.* 287.

[6] The Right Honourable Walter Carey. He was secretary to the Duke of Dorset when lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The Duke of Dorset came to Ireland in 1731. In 1737 he

When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involved in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
Privilege of Parliament,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away,
Bravely I resolved to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half-a-crown,

was succeeded by the Duke of Devonshire. In Boulter's Letters there is one addressed to him from that primate.---*Scott.*

Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featured brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.[1]
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murther;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd Throp.[2]

[1] John Waller, Esq. member for the borough of Dongaile. He was grandson to Sir Hardress Waller, one of the regicide judges, and who concurred with them in passing sentence on Charles I. This Sir Hardress married the daughter and co-heir of John Dowdal of Limerick, in Ireland, by which alliance he became so connected with the country, that after the rebellion was over, the family made it their residence.---*Scott.*

[2] Rev. Roger Throp, whose death was said to have been occasioned by the persecution which he suffered from Waller. His case was published by his brother, and never answered, containing such a scene of petty vexatious persecutions as is almost incredible; the cause being the refusal of Mr. Throp to compound, for a compensation totally inadequate, some of the rights of his living which affected Waller's estate. In 1739, a petition was presented to the House of Commons by his brother, Robert Throp, gentleman, complaining of this persecution, and applying to parliament for redress, relative to the number of attachments granted by the King's Bench, in favour of his deceased brother, and which could not be executed against the said Waller, on account of the privilege of Parliament, &c. But this petition was rejected by the House, *nem. con.* The Dean seems to have employed his pen against Waller. See a letter from Mrs. Whiteway.---*Scott.*

Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,[1]
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your piss;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and sink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods, perhaps, may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,[2]
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,[3]

[1] Richard Tighe, and Richard Bettesworth, Esquires, both sufficiently commemorated elsewhere. Bettesworth is termed the *player*, from his pompous enunciation. The epithet, Fitzbaker, alludes to Tighe's descent from a contractor who supplied Cromwell's army with bread. He is elsewhere called Pistorides.—*Scott.*

[2] "Right Honourable Owen Wynne, county of Sligo.---Owen Wynne, Esq. borough of Sligo.---John Wynne, Esq. borough of Castlebar."

[3] "Sir John Bingham, Bart. county of Mayo.---His brother, Henry Bingham, sat in parliament for some time for Castlebar."

For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunks,
In his grave, and search his trunks,
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in this vocation,
For the court against the nation.

Those are Allens Jack and Bob,[1]
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.

There sit Clements, Dilks, and Harrison;[2]
How they swagger from their garrison!

[1] John Allen represented the borough of Carysfort; Robert Allen the county of Wicklow. The former was son, and the latter brother to Joshua, the second Viscount Allen, hated and satirized by Swift, under the name of Traulus. The ancestor of the Allens, as has been elsewhere noticed, was an architect in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and was employed as such by many of the nobility, particularly Lord Howth. He settled in Ireland, and was afterwards consulted by Lord Stafford in some of his architectural plans.—*Scott.*

[2] There were then two Clements in parliament, brothers, Nathaniel and Henry. The former was grandfather to the present Lord Leitrim, whose character as a patriot, a gen-

Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side Hell?
Harrison, and Dilks, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments,
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bless us! Morgan,[1] art thou there, man?
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman?
Chairman to yon damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what, learned Morgan
Metamorphosed to a Gorgon!
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.

tleman, and a scholar, ranks high in his native country.---Michael Obrien Dilks represented the borough of Castlemartyre. He was barrack-master-general; William Harrison represented the borough of Bannow.---*Scott*.

[1] Doctor Marcus Antony Morgan, sometimes mentioned in a friendly manner in Swift's correspondence about this period, represented the borough of Athy. He seems to have been bred to the church, yet was chairman to that committee to whom was referred the petition of the farmers, graziers, &c. against tithe agistment. On this petition the House reported, and agreed that it deserved the strongest support. At the same time, a motion was made and carried, that commencing suits on the above subject must impair the Protestant interest.---*Scott*.

Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze;
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth![1]
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them:
Form their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *car'catura;*

[1] See Hogarth's Works, 4to. vol. i. p. 93.---*Scott.*

Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray, be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can show two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"

ON A PRINTER'S[1]

BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

Better we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors, as our tyrants;
And swagger while the coast is clear:
But should a lordly pike appear,

[1] Mr. Faulkner, for printing the Proposal for the better Regulation of Quadrille.—*Scott.*

Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dares not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL;
OR, A NEW BALLAD, WRITTEN BY A SHOE-BOY, ON AN ATTORNEY WHO WAS FORMERLY A SHOE-BOY.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

With singing of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley[1] set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
One bought him a brush, and one a black ball;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and brush,
He gallantly ventured his fortune to push:
Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for't.
But as a wise fiddler is noted, you know,

[1] See the next poem.—*F.*

To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried—"Murders, and songs, and great news!"
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your shoes!"
At Domvile's[1] full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing;
Such bastings effect upon him could have none:
The dog will be patient that's struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was moved with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
And now we'll suppose him an eminent clerk!
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppose him a miser, attorney *per* bill,
Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
Yet, would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
That he took up two news-boys for crying the libel?[2]

[1] Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper office.---*F.*

[2] The proposal for regulation of quadrille.---*Scott.*

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY

FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE.

BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

BY JAMES BLACK-WELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET.

> But he by bawling news about,
> And aptly using brush and clout,
> A justice of the peace became,
> To punish rogues who do the same.—HUDIE.

I SING the man of courage tried,
O'errun with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind, and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean;—for who would choose
So vile a subject for the Muse?
'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight,
(Such toils as best his talents fit,)
Or polish shoes, or turn the spit;
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;

Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;
So with a colonel[1] at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than alderman o'ercharged with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleased to live in future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.

So, Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.

And so the Ephesian villain fired
The temple which the world admired,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

[1] Colonel Ker, a Scotchman, lieutenant-colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer.---*F.*

AY AND NO.

A TALE FROM DUBLIN.[1] WRITTEN IN 1737.

At Dublin's high feast sat Primate and Dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean:
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the Primate, "if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty Dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.
Though with your state sieve your own notions you split,
A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.

[1] In 1737, the gold coin had sunk in current value to the amount of 6*d*. in each guinea, which made it the interest of the Irish dealers to send over their balances in silver. To bring the value of the precious metals nearer to a par, the Primate, Boulter, who was chiefly trusted by the British government in the administration of Ireland, published a proclamation reducing the value of the gold coin threepence in each guinea. This scheme was keenly opposed by Swift; and such was the clamour excited against the archbishop, that his house was obliged to be guarded by soldiers. The two following poems relate to this controversy, which was, for the time it lasted, nearly as warm as that about Wood's halfpence. The first is said to be the paraphrase of a conversation which actually passed between Swift and the archbishop. The latter charged the Dean with inflaming the mob, "I inflame them?" retorted Swift; "were I to lift but a finger, they would tear you to pieces."---*Scott*.

It's matter of weight, and a mere money job;
But the lower the coin the higher the mob.
Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense,
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

A BALLAD.

Patrick astore,[1] what news upon the town?
By my soul there's bad news, for the gold she was pull'd down,
The gold she was pull'd down, of that I'm very sure,
For I saw'd them reading upon the towlsel[2] *doore*.
Sing, och, och, hoh, hoh.[3]

Arrah! who was him reading? 'twas a *jauntleman* in ruffles,
And Patrick's bell she was ringing all in muffles;

[1] Astore, means my dear, my heart.---*Scott*.

[2] The Tholsel, where criminals for the city were tried, and where proclamations, &c. were posted. It was invariably called the Touls'el by the lower class.---*Ibid*.

[3] It would appear that the chorus here introduced, was intended to chime with the howl, the *ululatus*, or funeral cry, of the Irish.---*Ibid*.

She was ringing very sorry, her tongue tied up with rag, [black flag.[1]
Lorsha! and out of her shteeple there was hung a
Sing, och, &c.

Patrick astore, who was him made this law?
Some they do say, 'twas the big man of straw;[2]
But others they do say, that it was Jug-Joulter,[3]
The devil he may take her into hell and *Boult-her!*
Sing, och, &c.

Musha! Why Parliament wouldn't you maul,
Those *carters*, and paviours, and footmen, and all;[4]
Those rascally paviours who did us undermine,
[5]Och ma ceade millia mollighart on the feeders of swine!
Sing, och, &c.

[1] Swift, it is said, caused a muffled peal to be rung from the steeple of St. Patrick's, on the day of the proclamation, and a black flag to be displayed from its battlements.—*Scott.*

[2] The big man of straw, means the Duke of Dorset, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; he had only the name of authority, the essential power being vested in the primate.—*Ibid.*

[3] Jug-Joulter means Primate *Boulter*, whose name is played upon in the succeeding line. In consequence of the public dissatisfaction expressed at the lowering the gold coin, the primate became very unpopular.—*Ibid.*

[4] "Footmen" alludes to a supporter of the measure, said to have been the son or grandson of a servant.—*Ibid.*

[5] Means "*my hundred thousand hearty curses* on the feeders of swine."—*Ibid.*

A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL.[1]

While the king and his ministers keep such a pother,
And all about changing one whore for another,
Think I to myself, what need all this strife,
His majesty first had a whore of a wife,
And surely the difference mounts to no more
Than, now he has gotten a wife of a whore.
Now give me your judgment a very nice case on;
Each queen has a son, say which is the base one?
Say which of the two is the right Prince of Wales,
To succeed, when, (God bless him,) his majesty fails;
Perhaps it may puzzle our loyal divines
To unite these two Protestant parallel lines,
From a left-handed wife, and one turn'd out of doors,

[1] So the following very remarkable verses are entitled, in a copy which exists in the Dean's hand-writing bearing the following characteristic memorandum on the back: "A traiterous libel, writ several years ago. It is inconsistent with itself. Copied September 9, 1735. I wish I knew the author, that I might hang him." And at the bottom of the paper is subjoined this postscript. "I copied out this wicked paper many years ago, in hopes to discover the traitor of an author, that I might inform against him." For the foundation of the scandals current during the reign of George I. to which the lines allude, see Walpole's Reminiscences, chapter 11.—*Scott.*

Two reputed king's sons, both true sons of whores;
No law can determine it, which is first oars.
But, alas! poor old England, how wilt thou be master'd;
For, take which you please, it must needs be a bastard.

EPIGRAMS AGAINST CARTHY,

BY SWIFT AND OTHERS.

Charles Carthy, a schoolmaster in the city of Dublin, was publisher of a translation of Horace, in which the Latin was printed on the one side, and the English on the other, whence he acquired the name of Mezentius, alluding to the practice of that tyrant, who chained the dead to the living. Carthy was almost continually involved in satirical skirmishes with Dunkin, for whom Swift had a particular friendship, and there is no doubt that the Dean himself engaged in the warfare.---*Scott*.

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

Containing, on one side, the original Latin, on the other, his own version.

This I may boast, which few e'er could,
Half of my book at least is good.

ON CARTHY MINOTAURUS.

How monstrous Carthy looks with Flaccus braced,
For here we see the man and there the beast.

ON THE SAME.

Once Horace fancied from a man,
He was transformed to a swan;
But Carthy, as from him thou learnest,
Has made the man a goose in earnest.

ON THE SAME.

Talis erat quondam Tithoni splendida conjux,
Effulsit misero sic Dea juncta viro;
Hunc tandem imminuit sensim longæva senectus,
Te vero extinxit, Carole, prima dies.

IMITATED.

So blush'd Aurora with celestial charms,
So bloom'd the goddess in a mortal's arms;
He sunk at length to wasting age a prey,
But thy book perish'd on its natal day.

AD HORATIUM CUM CARTHIO CONSTRICTUM.

Lectores ridere jubes dum Carthius astat?
Iste procul depellit olens tibi Mævius omnes:
Sic triviis veneranda diu, Jovis inclyta proles
Terruit, assumpto, mortales, Gorgonis ore.

IMITATATED.

Could Horace give so sad a monster birth?
Why then in vain he would excite our mirth;
His humour well our laughter might command,
But who can bear the death's head in his hand?

AN IRISH EPIGRAM ON THE SAME.

While with the fustian of thy book,
The witty ancient you enrobe,
You make the graceful Horace look
As pitiful as Tom M'Lobe.[1]
Ye Muses, guard your sacred mount,
And Helicon, for if this log
Should stumble once into the fount,
He'll make it muddy as a bog.

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF LONGINUS.

High as Longinus to the stars ascends,
So deeply Carthy to the centre tends.

RATIO INTER LONGINUM ET CARTHIUM COMPUTATA.

Æthereas quantum Longinus surgit in auras,
Carthius en tantum ad Tartara tendit iter.

[1] A notorious Irish poetaster, whose name had become proverbial.---*Scott*.

ON THE SAME.

What Midas touch'd became true gold, but then,
Gold becomes lead touch'd lightly by thy pen.

CARTHY KNOCKED OUT SOME TEETH FROM HIS NEWS-BOY,

For saying he could not live by the profits of Carthy's works, as they did not sell.

I must confess that I was somewhat warm,
I broke his teeth, but where's the mighty harm?
My work he said could ne'er afford him meat,
And teeth are useless where there's nought to eat!

TO CARTHY,

On his sending about specimens to force people to subscribe to his Longinus.

Thus vagrant beggars, to extort
By charity a mean support,
Their sores and putrid ulcers show,
And shock our sense till we bestow.

TO CARTHY,

On his accusing Mr. Dunkin for not publishing his book of Poems.

How different from thine is Dunkin's lot!
Thou'rt curst for publishing, and he for not.

ON CARTHY'S PUBLISHING SEVERAL LAMPOONS, UNDER THE NAMES OF INFAMOUS POETASTERS.

So witches bent on bad pursuits,
Assume the shapes of filthy brutes.

TO CARTHY.

Thy labours, Carthy, long conceal'd from light,
Piled in a garret, charm'd the author's sight,
But forced from their retirement into day,
The tender embryos half unknown decay;
Thus lamps which burn'd in tombs with silent glare,
Expire when first exposed to open air.

TO CARTHY, ATTRIBUTING SOME PERFORMANCES TO MR. DUNKIN.

From the Gentleman's London Magazine for January.

My lines to him you give; to speak your due,
'Tis what no man alive will say of you.
Your works are like old Jacob's speckled goats,
Known by the verse, yet better by the notes.
Pope's essays upon some for Young's may pass,
But all distinguish thy dull leaden mass;
So green in different lights may pass for blue,
But what's dyed black will take no other hue.

UPON CARTHY'S THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR.

You have undone Horace,—what should hinder
Thy Muse from falling upon Pindar?
But ere you mount his fiery steed,
Beware, O Bard, how you proceed:—
For should you give him once the reins,
High up in air he'll turn your brains;
And if you should his fury check,
'Tis ten to one he breaks your neck.

DR. SWIFT WROTE THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM On one Delacourt's complimenting Carthy on his Poetry.

Carthy, you say, writes well—his genius true,
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM THOMAM SHERIDAN. 1717.

Deliciæ, Sheridan, Musarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,

Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
Astitit; et dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, salutifer orbi;
Ast, illi causas orant: his insula visa est
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.
Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpè puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitat ignes.
Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aëre natus:
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Pessundat: nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernas;
Sæpè puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Et cœlum, terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Some ancient authors wisely write,
That he who drinks will wake at night,
Will never fail to lose his rest,
And feel a streightness in his chest;
A streightness in a double sense,
A streightness both of breath and pence:
Physicians say, it is but reasonable,
He that comes home at hour unseasonable,
(Besides a fall and broken shins,
Those smaller judgments for his sins;)
If, when he goes to bed, he meets
A teasing wife between the sheets,
'Tis six to five he'll never sleep,
But rave and toss till morning peep.
Yet harmless Betty must be blamed
Because you feel your lungs inflamed;
But if you would not get a fever,
You never must one moment leave her.
This comes of all your drunken tricks,
Your Parry's and your brace of Dicks;
Your hunting Helsham in his laboratory
Too, was the time you saw that Drab lae a Pery.
But like the prelate who lives yonder-a,
And always cries he is like Cassandra;
I always told you, Mr. Sheridan,
If once this company you were rid on,
Frequented honest folk, and very few,

You'd live till all your friends were weary of you.
But if rack punch you still would swallow,
I then forewarn'd you what would follow.
Are the Deanery sober hours?
Be witness for me all ye powers.
The cloth is laid at eight, and then
We sit till half an hour past ten;
One bottle well might serve for three
If Mrs. Robinson drank like me.
Ask how I fret when she has beckon'd
To Robert to bring up a second;
I hate to have it in my sight,
And drink my share in perfect spite.
If Robin brings the ladies word,
The coach is come, I 'scape a third;
If not, why then I fall a-talking
How sweet a night it is for walking;
For in all conscience, were my treasure able,
I'd think a quart a-piece unreasonable;
It strikes eleven,—get out of doors.—
This is my constant farewell.

Yours,

J. S.

October 18, 1724, nine in the morning.

You had best hap yourself up in a chair, and dine with me than with the provost.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW[1] IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE.

Resolve me this, ye happy dead,
Who've lain some hundred years in bed,
From every persecution free
That in this wretched life we see;
Would ye resume a second birth,
And choose once more to life on earth?

DR. SHERIDAN WROTE UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Thus spoke great Bedel[2] from his tomb:—
"Mortal, I would not change my doom,
To live in such a restless state,
To be unfortunately great;
To flatter fools, and spurn at knaves,
To shine amidst a race of slaves;

[1] Soon after Swift's acquaintance with Dr. Sheridan, they passed some days together at the episcopal palace in the diocess of Kilmore. When Swift was gone, it was discovered that he had written the following lines on one of the windows which looks into the church-yard. In the year 1780, the late Archdeacon Caulfield wrote some lines in answer to both. The pane was taken down by Dr. Jones, Bishop of Kilmore, but it has been since restored.—*Scott.*

[2] Bishop Bedel's tomb lies within view of the window.—*Scott.*

To learn from wise men to complain,
And only rise to fall again:
No! let my dusty relics rest,
Until I rise among the blest."

THE UPSTART.

The following lines occur in the Swiftiana, and are by Mr. Wilson, the editor, ascribed to Swift.—*Scott.*

"———— The rascal! that's too mild a name;
Does he forget from whence he came?
Has he forgot from whence he sprung?
A mushroom in a bed of dung;
A maggot in a cake of fat,
The offspring of a beggar's brat;
As eels delight to creep in mud,
To eels we may compare his blood;
His blood delights in mud to run,
Witness his lazy, lousy son!
Puff'd up with pride and insolence,
Without a grain of common sense.
See with what consequence he stalks!
With what pomposity he talks!
See how the gaping crowd admire
The stupid blockhead and the liar!
How long shall vice triumphant reign?
How long shall mortals bend to gain?
How long shall virtue hide her face,

And leave her votaries in disgrace?
—Let indignation fire my strains,
Another villain yet remains—
Let purse-proud C——n next approach;
With what an air he mounts his coach!
A cart would best become the knave,
A dirty parasite and slave!
His heart in poison deeply dipt,
His tongue with oily accents tipt,
A smile still ready at command,
The pliant bow, the forehead bland—"

* * * * *
* * * * *

ON THE ARMS OF THE TOWN OF WATERFORD.[1]

——URBS INTACTA MANET—semper intacta manebit,
Tangere crabones quis bene sanus amat? [1]

TRANSLATION.

A THISTLE is the Scottish arms,
Which to the toucher threatens harms:
What are the arms of Waterford,
That no man touches—but a ——?

[1] While viewing this town, the Dean observed a stone bearing the city arms, with the motto, URBS INTACTA MANET. The approach to this monument was covered with filth. The Dean, on returning to the inn, wrote the Latin epigram, and added the English paraphrase, for the benefit, he said, of the ladies.—*Scott.*

VERSES ON BLENHEIM.

Atria longe patent, sed nec conantibus usquam,
Nec somno, locus est: quam bene non habitas!
MART. lib. xii. Ep. 50.

SEE, here's the grand approach,
That way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and there the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock;[1]
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mind how wide the hall is made;
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind:
The galleries contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber to debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

[1] A lion tearing a cock to pieces was placed in front of Blenheim House; a wretched pun in architecture, deservedly criticised in the Spectator.---*Scott.*

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,[1]

UPON THE LATE GRAND JURY.

Poor Monsieur his conscience preserved for a year,
Yet in one hour he lost it, 'tis known far and near;
To whom did he lose it?—A judge or a peer.[2]
Which nobody can deny.

This very same conscience was sold in a closet,
Nor for a baked loaf, or a loaf in a losset,
But a sweet sugar-plum, which you put in a posset.
Which nobody can deny.

O Monsieur, to sell it for nothing was nonsense,
For, if you would sell it, it should have been long since,
But now you have lost both your cake and your conscience.
Which nobody can deny.

[1] This is an address of congratulation to the Grand Jury who threw out the bill against Harding the printer. It would seem they had not been perfectly unanimous on this occasion, for two out of the twelve are marked as having dissented from their companions, although of course this difference of opinion could not, according to the legal forms of England, appear on the face of the verdict. The dissenters seem to have been of French extraction. The ballad has every mark of being written by Swift.---*Scott*.

[2] Whitshed or Carteret.---*Scott*.

So Nell of the Dairy, before she was wed,
Refused ten good guineas for her maidenhead,
Yet gave it for nothing to smooth-spoken Ned.
Which nobody can deny.

But, Monsieur, no vonder dat you vere collogue,
Since selling de contre be now all de vogue,
You be but von fool after seventeen rogue.
Which nobody can deny.

Some sell it for profit, 'tis very well known,
And some but for sitting in sight of the throne,
And other some sell what is none of their own.
Which nobody can deny.

But Philpot, and Corker, and Burrus, and Hayze,
And Rayner, and Nicholson, challenge our praise,
With six other worthies as glorious as these.
Which nobody can deny.

There's Donevan, Hart, and Archer, and Blood,
And Gibson, and Gerard, all true men and good,
All lovers of Ireland, and haters of Wood.
Which nobody can deny.

But the slaves that would sell us shall hear on't in time,
Their names shall be branded in prose and in rhyme,
We'll paint 'em in colours as black as their crime.
Which nobody can deny.

But P——r and copper L——h we'll excuse,
The commands of your betters you dare not refuse,
Obey was the word when you wore wooden shoes.
Which nobody can deny.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

UPON HIS GRACE OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, rose high in Swift's estimation by his opposition to Wood's coinage. These verses are written in the style which Swift knew so well how to assume when he addressed the common people.---*Scott*.

BY HONEST JO, ONE OF HIS GRACE'S FARMERS IN FINGAL.

To the Tune of ———

I sing not of the Drapier's praise, nor yet of William Wood,
But I sing of a famous lord, who seeks his country's good;
Lord William's grace of Dublin town, 'tis he that first appears,
Whose wisdom and whose piety do far exceed his years.
In ev'ry council and debate he stands for what is right,
And still the truth he will maintain, whate'er he loses by't.
And though some think him in the wrong, yet still there comes a season
When every one turns round about, and owns his grace had reason.
His firmness to the public good, as one that knows it swore,
Has lost his grace for ten years past ten thousand pounds and more.

Then come the poor and strip him so, they leave
him not a cross,
For he regards ten thousand pounds no more than
Woods's dross.
To beg his favour is the way new favours still to win,
He makes no more to give ten pounds than I to
give a pin.
Why, there's my landlord now, the squire, who all
in money wallows,
He would not give a groat to save his father from
the gallows. [very name,
"A bishop," says the noble squire, "I hate the
To have two thousand pounds a-year—O 'tis a
burning shame! [have but five!"
Two thousand pounds a-year! good lord! And I to
And under him no tenant yet was ever known to
thrive: [of ground,
Now from his lordship's grace I hold a little piece
And all the rent I pay is scarce five shillings in the
pound. ["Honest Jo,
Then master steward takes my rent, and tells me,
Come, you must take a cup of sack or two before
you go." [money locks,
He bids me then to hold my tongue, and up the
For fear my lord should send it all into the poor
man's box.
And once I was so bold to beg that I might see his
grace,
Good lord! I wonder how I dared to look him in
the face:

Then down I went upon my knees, his blessing to
obtain;
He gave it me, and ever since I find I thrive amain.
"Then," said my lord, "I'm very glad to see thee,
honest friend,
I know the times are something hard, but hope they
soon will mend, [you can;
Pray never press yourself for rent, but pay me when
I find you bear a good report, and are an honest man.
Then said his lordship with a smile, "I must have
lawful cash, [trash!"
I hope you will not pay my rent in that same Woods's
"God bless your Grace," I then replied, "I'd see
him hanging higher, [kin spire."
Before I'd touch his filthy dross, than is Clandal-
To every farmer twice a-week all round about the
Yoke, [us honest folk.
Our parsons read the Drapier's books, and make
And then I went to pay the squire, and in the way
I found,
His bailie driving all my cows into the parish pound;
"Why, sirrah," said the noble squire, "how dare
you see my face, [grace."
Your rent is due almost a week, beside the days of
And yet the land I from him hold is set so on the
rack, [break my back.
That only for the bishop's lease 'twould quickly
Then God preserve his lordship's grace, and make
him live as long
As did Methusalem of old, and so I end my song.

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

A POEM.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo.—Hor.

Great, good, and just, was once applied
To one who for his country died;[1]
To one who lives in its defence,
We speak it in a happier sense.
O may the fates thy life prolong!
Our country then can dread no wrong:
In thy great care we place our trust,
Because thou'rt great, and good, and just:
Thy breast unshaken can oppose
Our private and our public foes:
The latent wiles, and tricks of state,
Your wisdom can with ease defeat.
When power in all its pomp appears,
It falls before thy rev'rend years,
And willingly resigns its place
To something nobler in thy face.
When once the fierce pursuing Gaul
Had drawn his sword for Marius' fall,
The godlike hero with a frown
Struck all his rage and malice down;

[1] The Marquis of Montrose thus commences his epitaph on Charles I.:

Great, good, and just! could I but rate
My griefs to thy too rigid fate.

Then how can we dread William Wood,
If by thy presence he's withstood?
Where wisdom stands to keep the field,
In vain he brings his brazen shield;
Though like the sibyl's priest he comes,
With furious din of brazen drums,
The force of thy superior voice
Shall strike him dumb, and quell their noise.

TO THE CITIZENS.[1]

And shall the Patriot who maintain'd your cause,
From future ages only meet applause?
Shall he, who timely rose t'his country's aid,
By her own sons, her guardians, be betray'd?
Did heathen virtues in your hearts reside,
These wretches had been damn'd for parricide.
Should you behold, whilst dreadful armies threat
The sure destruction of an injured state,

[1] The Address to the Citizens appears, from the signature M. B., to have been written by Swift himself, and published when the prosecution was depending against Harding, the printer of the Drapier's Letters, and a reward had been proclaimed for the discovery of the author. Some of those who had sided with the Drapier in his arguments, while confined to Wood's scheme, began to be alarmed, when, in the fourth letter, he entered upon the more high and dangerous matter of the nature of Ireland's connection with England. The object of these verses is, to encourage the timid to stand by their advocate in a cause which was truly their own.—*Scott.*

Some hero, with superior virtue bless'd,
Avert their rage, and succour the distress'd;
Inspired with love of glorious liberty,
Do wonders to preserve his country free;
He like the guardian shepherd stands, and they
Like lions spoil'd of their expected prey,
Each urging in his rage the deadly dart,
Resolved to pierce the generous hero's heart;
Struck with the sight, your souls would swell with grief,
And dare ten thousand deaths to his relief,
But, if the people he preserved should cry,
He went too far, and he deserved to—die,
Would not your soul such treachery detest,
And indignation boil within your breast,
Would not you wish that wretched state preserved,
To feel the tenfold ruin they deserved?
If, then, oppression has not quite subdued
At once your prudence and your gratitude,
If you yourselves conspire not your undoing,
And don't deserve, and won't draw down your ruin,
If yet to virtue you have some pretence,
If yet ye are not lost to common sense,
Assist your patriot in your own defence;
That stupid cant, "he went too far," despise,
And know that to be brave is to be wise:
Think how he struggled for your liberty,
And give him freedom, whilst yourselves are free.

M. B.

PUNCH'S PETITION TO THE LADIES.

——Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?——

This poem partly relates to Wood's halfpence, but resembles the style of Sheridan rather than of Swift. Hoppy, or Hopkins, here mentioned, seems to be the master of the revels, and secretary to the Duke of Grafton, when Lord-Lieutenant. See also Verses on the Puppet-Show.---*Scott*.

Fair ones who do all hearts command,
And gently sway with fan in hand
Your favourite—Punch a suppliant falls,
And humbly for assistance calls;
He humbly calls and begs you'll stop
The gothic rage of Vander Hop,
Wh' invades without pretence and right,
Or any law but that of might,
Our Pigmy land—and treats our kings
Like paltry idle wooden things;
Has beat our dancers out of doors,
And call'd our chastest virgins whores;
He has not left our Queen a rag on,
Has forced away our George and Dragon,
Has broke our wires, nor was he civil
To Doctor Faustus nor the devil;
E'en us he hurried with full rage,
Most hoarsely squalling off the stage;
And faith our fright was very great

To see a minister of state,
Arm'd with power and fury come
To force us from our little home—
We fear'd, as I am sure we had reason,
An accusation of high-treason;
Till, starting up, says Banamiere,
"Treason, my friends, we need not fear,
For 'gainst the Brass we used no power,
Nor strove to save the chancellor.[1]
Nor did we show the least affection
To Rochford or the Meath election;
Nor did we sing,—'Machugh he means.'"
"You villain, I'll dash out your brains,
'Tis no affair of state which brings
Me here—or business of the King's;
I'm come to seize you all as debtors,
And bind you fast in iron fetters,
From sight of every friend in town,
Till fifty pound's to me paid down."
—"Fifty!" quoth I, "a devilish sum;
But stay till the brass farthings come,
Then we shall all be rich as Jews,
From Castle down to lowest stews;
That sum shall to you then be told,
Though now we cannot furnish gold."

[1] Lord Chancellor Middleton, against whom a vote of censure passed in the House of Lords for delay of justice occasioned by his absence in England. It was instigated by Grafton, then Lord-Lieutenant, who had a violent quarrel at this time with Middleton.—*Scott.*

Quoth he, thou vile mis-shapen beast,
Thou knave, am I become thy jest;
And dost thou think that I am come
To carry nought but farthings home,
Thou fool, I ne'er do things by halves,
Farthings are made for Irish slaves;
No brass for me, it must be gold,
Or fifty pounds in silver told,
That can by any means obtain
Freedom for thee and for thy train."
"Votre tres humble serviteur,
I'm not in jest," said I, "I'm sure,
But from the bottom of my belly,
I do in sober sadness tell you,
I thought it was good reasoning,
For us fictitious men to bring
Brass counters made by William Wood
Intrinsic as we flesh and blood;
Then since we are but mimic men,
Pray let us pay in mimic coin."
Quoth he, "Thou lovest, Punch, to prate,
And couldst for ever hold debate;
But think'st thou I have nought to do
But to stand prating thus with you?
Therefore to stop your noisy parly,
I do at once assure you fairly,
That not a puppet of you all
Shall stir a step without this wall,
Nor merry Andrew beat thy drum,
Until you pay the foresaid sum."

Then marching off with swiftest race
To write dispatches for his grace,
The revel-master left the room,
And us condemn'd to fatal doom.
Now, fair ones, if e'er I found grace,
Or if my jokes did ever please,
Use all your interest with your sec,[1]
(They say he's at the ladies' beck,)
And though he thinks as much of gold
As ever Midas did of old:
Your charms I'm sure can never fail,
Your eyes must influence, must prevail;
At your command he'll set us free,
Let us to you owe liberty.
Get us a license now to play,
And we'll in duty ever pray.

TRIFLES.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN,[2] 1718.

Delany reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and cow-dung;
We lie cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst,

[1] Abridged from Secretary, *rythmi gratia.*---*Scott.*

[2] The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.---*H.*

Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
Though Delany advised you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor;
I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, or four,
But, because the three former are long ago past,
I shall, for method-sake, begin with the last.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our generals soundly did pay them,
Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly, *Te* [*Deum*.
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run a-ground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round:
In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our farther advances.
My offers of peace you ill understood; [good?
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own
'Twas to teach you in modester language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye;
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends
To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write:
And I'll use you as he did that overgrown clown,
I'll first take you up, and then take you down;

And, 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
The worst dunce in your school, till he's heaved from
the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business. September 20, 1718.—I will send you the rest when I have leisure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S,
IN ANSWER TO HIS LEFT-HANDED LETTER.

Since your poetic prancer is turn'd into Cancer,
I'll tell you at once, sir, I'm now not your man, sir;
For pray, sir, what pleasure in fighting is found
With a coward, who studies to traverse his ground?
When I drew forth my pen, with your pen you ran
back;
But I found out the way to your den by its track:
From thence the black monster I drew, o' my con-
science, [sense.
And so brought to light what before was stark non-
When I with my right hand did stoutly pursue,
You turn'd to your left, and you writ like a Jew;
Which, good Mister Dean, I can't think so fair,
Therefore turn about to the right, as you were;
Then if with true courage your ground you maintain,

My fame is immortal, when Jonathan's slain:
Who's greater by far than great Alexander,
As much as a teal surpasses a gander;
As much as a game-cock's excell'd by a sparrow;
As much as a coach is below a wheelbarrow:
As much and much more as the most handsome man
Of all the whole world is exceeded by Dan.

T. SHERIDAN.

This was written with that hand which in others is commonly called the left hand.

Oft have I been by poets told,
That, poor Jonathan, thou grow'st old.
Alas, thy numbers falling all,
Poor Jonathan, how they do fall!
Thy rhymes, which whilom made thy pride swell,
Now jingle like a rusty bridle:
Thy verse, which ran both smooth and sweet,
Now limp upon their gouty feet:
Thy thoughts, which were the true sublime,
Are humbled by the tyrant, Time:
Alas! what cannot Time subdue?
Time has reduced my wine and you;
Emptied my casks, and clipp'd your wings,
Disabled both in our main springs;
So that of late we two are grown
The jest and scorn of all the town.
But yet, if my advice be ta'en,
We two may be as great again;

I'll send you wings, and send me wine;
Then you will fly, and I shall shine.

This was written with my right hand, at the same time with the other.

How does Melpy like this? I think I have vex'd her;
Little did she know, I was *ambidexter*.

T. SHERIDAN.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

REVEREND AND LEARNED SIR,

I AM teacher of English, for want of a better, to a poor charity-school, in the lower end of St. Thomas's Street; but in my time I have been a Virgilian, though I am now forced to teach English, which I understood less than my own native language, or even than Latin itself; therefore I made bold to send you the enclosed, the fruit of my Muse, in hopes it may qualify me for the honour of being one of your most inferior Ushers: if you will vouchsafe to send me an answer, direct to me next door but one to the Harrow, on the left hand in Crocker's Lane.

I am yours,
Reverend Sir, to command,

PAT. REYLY.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.—*Hor.*[1]

[1] In this cover was enclosed Swift's verses to Sheridan, beginning *Deliciæ Musarum*, &c.—*Scott.*

Ad te, doctissime Delany,
Pulsus à foribus Decani,
Confugiens edo querelam,
Pauper petens clientelam.
Petebam Swift doctum patronum,
Sed ille dedit nullum donum,
Neque cibum neque bonum.
Quæris quàm malè sit stomacho num?
Iratus valdè valdè latrat,
Crumenicidam fermè patrat:
Quin ergo releves ægrotum,
Dato cibum, dato potum.
Ita in utrumvis oculum,
Dormiam bibens vestrum poculum.

Quæso, Reverende Vir, digneris hanc epistolam inclusam cum versiculis perlegere, quam cum fastidio abjecit et respuebat Decanus ille (inquam) lepidissimus et Musarum et Apollinis comes.

Reverende Vir,

De vestrâ benignitate et clementiâ in frigore et fame exanimatos, nisi persuasum esset nobis, hanc epistolam reverentiæ vestræ non scripsissem; quam profectò, quoniam eo es ingenio, in optimam accipere partem nullus dubito. Sævit Boreas, mugiunt procellæ, dentibus invitis maxillæ bellum gerunt. Nec minus, intestino depræliantibus tumultu visceribus, classicum sonat venter. Ea

nostra est conditio, hæc nostra querela. Proh Deûm atque hominum fidem! quare illi, cui ne libella nummi est, dentes, stomachum, viscera concessit natura? mehercule, nostro ludibrium debens corpori, frustra laboravit a patre voluntario exilio, qui macrum ligone macriorem reddit agellum. Huc usque evasi, ad te, quasi ad asylum, confugiens, quem nisi bene nôssem succurrere potuisse, mehercule, neque fores vestras pultûssem, neque limina tetigissem. Quàm longum iter famelicus peregi! nudus, egenus, esuriens, perhorrescens, despectus, mendicans; sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem carnaria tangunt. In viâ nullum fuit solatium præterquam quod Horatium, ubi macros in igne turdos versat, perlegi. Catii dapes, Mæcenatis convivium, ita me picturâ pascens inani, sæpius volvebam. Quid non mortalium pectora cogit Musarum sacra fames? Hæc omnia, quæ nostra fuit necessitas, curavi ut scires; nunc re experiar quid dabis, quid negabis. Vale.

Vivitur parvo malè, sed canebat
Flaccus ut parvo benè: quod negamus:
Pinguis et lautè saturatus ille
Ridet inanes.

Pace sic dicam liceat poetæ
Nobilis læti salibus faceti
Usque jocundi, lepidè jocantis
Non sine curâ.

Quis potest versus, (meditans merendam,
Prandium, cœnam) numerare? quis non
Quot panes pistor locat in fenestrâ
Dicere mallet?

Ecce jejunus tibi venit unus;
Latrat ingenti stomachus furore;
Quæso digneris renovare fauces,
Docte Patrone.

Vestiant lanæ tenues libellos,
Vestiant panni dominum trementem,
Ædibus vestris trepidante pennâ
Musa propinquat.

Nuda ne fiat, renovare vestes
Urget, et nunquam tibi sic molestam
Esse promittit, nisi sit coacta
Frigore iniquo.

Si modo possem! Vetat heu pudor me
Plura, sed præstat rogitare plura,
An dabis binos digitos crumenæ imponere vestræ?

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Dear Sir, Since you in humble wise
Have made a recantation,
From your low bended knees arise;
I hate such poor prostration.

'Tis bravery that moves the brave,
As one nail drives another;
If you from me would mercy have,
Pray, Sir, be such another.

You that so long maintain'd the field
With true poetic vigour;
Now you lay down your pen and yield,
You make a wretched figure.[1]

Submit, but do't with sword in hand,
And write a panegyric
Upon the man you cannot stand;
I'll have it done in lyric:

That all the boys I teach may sing
The achievements of their Chiron;[2]
What conquests my stern looks can bring
Without the help of iron.

A small goose-quill, yclep'd a pen,
From magazine of standish
Drawn forth, 's more dreadful to the Dean,
Than any sword we brandish.

My ink's my flash, my pen's my bolt;
Whene'er I please to thunder,
I'll make you tremble like a colt,
And thus I'll keep you under.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

[1] A leg awry.—*Scott.*
[2] A fair open for you.—*Scott.*

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Dear Dean, I'm in a sad condition,
I cannot see to read or write;
Pity the darkness of thy Priscian,
Whose days are all transform'd to night.

My head, though light, 's a dungeon grown,
The windows of my soul are closed;
Therefore to sleep I lay me down,
My verse and I are both composed.

Sleep, did I say? that cannot be;
For who can sleep, that wants his eyes?
My bed is useless then to me,
Therefore I lay me down to rise.

Unnumber'd thoughts pass to and fro
Upon the surface of my brain;
In various maze they come and go,
And come and go again.

So have you seen in sheet burnt black,
The fiery sparks at random run;
Now here, now there, some turning back,
Some ending where they just begun.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

AN ANSWER, BY DELANY,
TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Dear Sherry, I'm sorry for your bloodsheded
sore eye,
And the more I consider your case, still the more I
Regret it, for see how the pain on't has wore ye.
Besides, the good Whigs, who strangely adore ye,
In pity cry out, "He's a poor blinded Tory."
But listen to me, and I'll soon lay before ye
A sovereign cure well attested in Gory.
First wash it with *ros*, that makes dative *rori*,
Then send for three leeches, and let them all gore ye;
Then take a cordial dram to restore ye,
Then take Lady Judith, and walk a fine boree,
Then take a glass of good claret *ex more*,
Then stay as long as yon can *ab uxore*;
And then if friend Dick[1] will but ope your back-
door, he
Will quickly dispel the black clouds that hang o'er ye,
And make you so bright, that you'll sing tory rory,
And make a new ballad worth ten of John Dory:
(Though I work your cure, yet he'll get the glory.)
I'm now in the back school-house, high up one story,
Quite weary with teaching, and ready to *mori*.
My candle's just out too, no longer I'll pore ye,
But away to Clem Barry's,—there's an end of my
story.

[1] Dr. Richard Helsham.—*Scott.*

A REPLY, BY SHERIDAN, TO DELANY.

I LIKE your collyrium,
Take my eyes, sir, and clear ye 'um,
'Twill gain you a great reputation;
By this you may rise,
Like the doctor so wise,[1]
Who open'd the eyes of the nation.

And these, I must tell ye,
Are bigger than its belly;—
You know, there's in Livy a story
Of the hands and the feet
Denying of meat,—
Don't I write in the dark like a Tory?

Your water so far goes,
'Twould serve for an Argus,
Were all his whole hundred sore;
So many we read
He had in his head,
Or Ovid's a son of a whore.

For your recipe, sir,
May my lids never stir,
If ever I think once to fee you;
For I'd have you to know,
When abroad I can go,
That it's honour enough, if I see you.

[1] Probably Dr. Davenant.---*Scott.*

ANOTHER REPLY, BY SHERIDAN.

My pedagogue dear, I read with surprise
Your long sorry rhymes, which you made on my eyes;
As the Dean of St. Patrick's says, earth, seas, and skies!
I cannot lie down, but immediately rise,
To answer your stuff and the Doctor's likewise.
Like a horse with a gall, I'm pester'd with flies,
But his head and his tail new succour supplies,
To beat off the vermin from back, rump, and thighs.
The wing of a goose before me now lies,
Which is both shield and sword for such weak enemies.
Whoever opposes me, certainly dies,
Though he were as valiant as Condé or Guise.
The women disturb me a-crying of pies,
With a voice twice as loud as a horse when he neighs.
By this, Sir, you find, should we rhyme for a prize,
That I'd gain cloth of gold, when you'd scarce merit frize.

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Dear Tom, I'm surprised that your verse did not jingle;
But your rhyme was not double, 'cause your sight was but single.
For, as Helsham observes, there's nothing can chime,
Or fit more exact than one eye and one rhyme.
If you had not took physic, I'd pay off your bacon,

But now I'll write short, for fear you're short-taken.
Besides, Dick[1] forbid me, and call'd me a fool;
For he says, short as 'tis, it will give you a stool.

In libris bellis, tu parum parcis ocellis;
Dum nimium scribis, vel talpâ cæcior ibis,
Aut ad vina redis, nam sic tua lumina lædis:
Sed tibi cœnanti sunt collyria tanti?
Nunquid eges visu, dum comples omnia risu?
Heu Sheridan cœcus, heu eris nunc cercopithecus.
Nunc benè nasutus mittet tibi carmina tutus:
Nunc ope Burgundi, malus Helsham ridet abundà,
Nec Phœbi fili versum quîs[2] mittere Ryly.

Quid tibi cum libris? relavet tua lumina Tybris[3]
Mixtus Saturno;[4] penso sed parcè diurno
Observes hoc tu, nec scriptis utere noctu.
Nonnulli mingunt et palpebras sibi tingunt.
Quidam purgantes, libros in stercore nantes
Lingunt; sic vinces videndo, mî bone, lynces.
Culum oculum tergis, dum scripta hoc flumine mergis;
Tunc oculi et nates, ni fallor, agent tibi grates.
Vim fuge Decani, nec sit tibi cura Delani:
Heu tibi si scribant, aut si tibi fercula libant,
Pone loco mortis, rapis fera pocula fortis.
Hæc tibi pauca dedi, sed consule Betty my Lady,
Huic te des solæ, nec egebis pharmacopolæ.

Hæc somnians cecini,

Oct. 23, 1718. JON. SWIFT.

[1] Dr. Richard Helsham.
[2] Pro potes.---*Horat.*
[3] Pro quovis fluvio.---*Virg.*
[4] Saccharo Saturni.

AN ANSWER BY SHERIDAN.

Perlegi versus versos, Jonathan bone, tersos;
Perlepidos quidèm; scribendo semper es idem.
Laudibus extollo te, tu mihi magnus Apollo;
Tu frater Phœbus, oculis collyria præbes,
Ne minus insanæ reparas quoque damna Dianæ,
Quæ me percussit radiis (nec dixeris ussit)
Frigore collecto; medicus moderamine tecto
Lodicum binum permit, et negatis mihi vinum.
O terra et cœlum! quàm redit pectus anhelum.
Os mihi jam siccum, liceat mihi bibere dic cum?
Ex vestro grato poculo, tam sæpe prolato,
Vina crepant: sales ostendet quis mihi tales?
Luminą, vos sperno, dum cuppæ gaudia cerno:
Perdere etenim pellem nostram, quoque crura mavellem.
Amphora, quàm dulces risus queis pectora mulces,
Pangitur a Flacco, cum pectus turget Iaccho:
Clarius evohe ingeminans geminatur et ohe;
Nempe jocosa propago, hæsit sic vocis imago.

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

Whate'er your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;
But as to comic Aristophanes,

The rogue too vicious[1] and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand,[2] just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.
Proceed to tragics: first Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
Who says, his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least I'm well assured, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Eschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
And now I find my Muse but ill able,
To hold out longer in trissyllable.
I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

[1] Bawdy.---*Dub. Ed.*

[2] N. B. The Strand in London. The fact may not be true; but the rhyme cost me some trouble.---*Swift.*

THE ANSWER, BY DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I THANK you for your comedies.
I'll stay and read 'em now at home a-days,
Because Pareus wrote but sorrily
Thy notes, I'll read Lambinus thoroughly;
And then I shall be stoutly set a-gog
To challenge every Irish Pedagogue.
I like your nice epistle critical,
Which does in threefold rhymes so witty fall;
Upon the comic dram' and tragedy
Your notion's right, but verses maggotty;
'Tis but an hour since I heard a man swear it,
The Devil himself could hardly answer it.
As for your friend the sage Euripides,
[1]I believe you give him now the slip o' days;
But mum for that——pray come a Saturday
And dine with me, you can't a better day:
I'll give you nothing but a mutton chop,
Some nappy mellow'd ale with rotten hop,
A pint of wine as good as Falern',
Which we poor masters, God knows, all earn;
We'll have a friend or two, sir, at table,
Right honest men, for few're comeatable;
Then when our liquor makes us talkative,
We'll to the fields, and take a walk at eve.
Because I'm troubled much with laziness,
These rhymes I've chosen for their easiness.

[1] N.B. You told me you forgot your Greek.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

1718.

Dear Dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, sir, a-tossing and turning.
You'll find if you read but a few of your histories,
All women, as Eve, all women are mysteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them;
I swear without jest I an honour intend them.
In a sieve, sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before; do you know what I mean, sir?
"Not I, by my troth, sir."—Then read it again, sir.
The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double,
Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last,
When your Pegasus canter'd in triple, and rid fast.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, bastinaded.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

In reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crack'd,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.
A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin,)
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
And that she's a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid, [1]was the first man's damnation?
If your worship will please to explain me this rebus,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11, 1718,
past 12 at noon.

DR. SHERIDAN'S REPLY TO THE DEAN.

Don't think these few lines which I send, a reproach,
From my Muse in a car, to your Muse in a coach.
The great god of poems delights in a car,
Which makes him so bright that we see him from far;

[1] A damsel, *i. e. Adam's Hell.---H.* Vir Gin.---*Dub.Ed.*

For, were he mew'd up in a coach, 'tis allow'd
We'd see him no more than we see through a cloud.
You know to apply this—I do not disparage
Your lines, but I say they're the worse for the carriage.
Now first you deny that a woman's a sieve;
I say that she is: What reason d'ye give?
Because she lets out more than she takes in.
Is't that you advance for't? you are still to begin.
Your major and minor I both can refute,
I'll teach you hereafter with whom to dispute.
A sieve keeps in half, deny't if you can.
D. "Adzucks, I mistook it, who thought of the bran?"
I tell you in short, sir, you[1] should have a pair o' stocks
For thinking to palm on your friend such a paradox.
Indeed, I confess, at the close you grew better,
But you light from your coach when you finish'd your letter.
Your thing which you say wants interpretation,
What's name for a maiden—the first man's damnation?
A damsel—Adam's hell—ay, there I have hit it,
Just as you conceived it, just so have I writ it.
Since this I've discover'd, I'll make you to know it,
That now I'm your Phœbus, and you are my poet.
But if you interpret the two lines that follow,

[1] Begging pardon for the expression to a dignitary of the church.---S.

I'll again be your poet, and you my Apollo.
Why a noble lord's dog, and my school-house this
weather, [gether?
Make up the best catch when they're coupled to-

From my Ringsend car, Sept. 12, 1718, past 5 in the morning, on a repetition day.

TO THE SAME. BY DR. SHERIDAN.

12 o'Clock at Noon,
Sept. 12, 1718.

SIR,

Perhaps you may wonder, I send you so soon
Another epistle; consider 'tis noon.
For all his acquaintance well know that friend Tom is,
Whenever he makes one, as good as his promise.
Now Phœbus exalted, sits high on his throne,
Dividing the heav'ns, dividing my crown,
Into poems and business, my skull's split in two,
One side for the lawyers, and t'other for you.
With my left eye, I see you sit snug in your stall,
With my right I'm attending the lawyers that scrawl.
With my left I behold your bellower a cur chase;
With my right I'm a-reading my deeds for a purchase.
My left ear's attending the hymns of the choir,
My right ear is stunn'd with the noise of the crier.
My right hand's inditing these lines to your re-
verence,

My left is indenting for me and heirs ever-hence.
Although in myself I'm divided in two,
Dear Dean, I shall ne'er be divided from you.

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I CANNOT but think that we live in a bad age,
O tempora, O mores! as 'tis in the adage.
My foot was but just set out from my cathedral,
When into my hands comes a letter from the droll.
I can't pray in quiet for you and your verses;
But now let us hear what the Muse from your ear says.

Hum—excellent good—your anger was stirr'd;
Well, punners and rhymers must have the last word.
But let me advise you, when next I hear from you,
To leave off this passion which does not become you;
For we who debate on a subject important,
Must argue with calmness, or else will come short on't.

For myself, I protest, I care not a fiddle,
For a riddle and sieve, or a sieve and a riddle;
And think of the sex as you please, I'd as lieve
You call them a riddle, as call them a sieve.
Yet still you are out, (though to vex you I'm loth,)
For I'll prove it impossible they can be both;
A school-boy knows this, for it plainly appears

That a sieve dissolves riddles by help of the shears;
For you can't but have heard of a trick among wizards,
To break open riddles with shears or with scissars.
Think again of the sieve, and I'll hold you a wager,
You'll dare not to question my minor or major.[1]
A sieve keeps half in, and therefore, no doubt,
Like a woman, keeps in less than it lets out.
Why sure, Mr. Poet, your head got a-jar,
By riding this morning too long in your car:
And I wish your few friends, when they next see your cargo,
For the sake of your senses would lay an embargo.
You threaten the stocks; I say you are scurrilous,
And you durst not talk thus, if I saw you at our ale-house.
But as for your threats, you may do what you can,
I despise any poet that truckled to Dan.
But keep a good tongue, or you'll find to your smart,
From rhyming in cars, you may swing in a cart.
You found out my rebus with very much modesty;
But thanks to the lady; I'm sure she's too good to ye:
Till she lent you her help, you were in a fine twitter;
You hit it, you say;—you're a delicate hitter.
How could you forget so ungratefully a lass,
And if you be my Phœbus, pray who was your Pallas?
As for your new rebus, or riddle, or crux,
I will either explain, or repay it by trucks;

[1] Ut tu perperàm argumentaris.---*Scott.*

Though your lords, and your dogs, and your catches,
methinks,
Are harder than ever were put by the Sphinx.
And thus I am fully revenged for your late tricks,
Which is all at present from the

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

From my closet, Sept. 12, 1718,
just 12 at noon.

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

SIR,

Your Billingsgate Muse methinks does begin
With much greater noise than a conjugal din.
A pox of her bawling, her *tempora et mores!*
What are times now to me! a'nt I one of the Tories?
You tell me my verses disturb you at prayers;
Oh, oh, Mr. Dean, are you there with your bears?
You pray, I suppose, like a Heathen, to Phœbus,
To give his assistance to make out my rebus:
Which I don't think so fair; leave it off for the future;
When the combat is equal, this God should be neuter.
I'm now at the tavern, where I drink all I can,
To write with more spirit; I'll drink no more Helicon;
For Helicon is water, and water is weak;
'Tis wine on the gross lee, that makes your Muse
speak.
This I know by her spirit and life; but I think
She's much in the wrong to scold in her drink.

Her damn'd pointed tongue pierced almost to my heart;
Tell me of a cart,—tell me of a ——,
I'd have you to tell on both sides her ears,
If she comes to my house, that I'll kick her down stairs:
Then home she shall limping go, squalling out, O my knee; [pomene.
You shall soon have a crutch to buy for your Mel-
You may come as her bully, to bluster and swagger;
But my ink is my poison, my pen is my dagger:
Stand off, I desire, and mark what I say to you,
If you come I will make your Apollo shine through you.
Don't think, sir, I fear a Dean, as I would fear a dun;
Which is all at present from yours,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

THE DEAN TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

SIR,

When I saw you to-day, as I went with Lord Anglesey,
Lord, said I, who's that parson, how awkwardly dangles he!
When whip you trot up, without minding your betters,
To the very coach side, and threaten your letters.
Is the poison [and dagger] you boast in your jaws, trow?

Are you still in your cart with *convitia ex plaustro*?
But to scold is your trade, which I soon should be foil'd in,
For scolding is just *quasi diceres*—school-din:
And I think I may say, you could many good shillings get, [Billingsgate;
Were you drest like a bawd, and sold oysters at
But coach it or cart it, I'd have you know, sirrah,
I'll write, though I'm forced to write in a wheelbarrow;
Nay, hector and swagger, you'll still find me stanch,
And you and your cart shall give me *carte blanche*.
Since you write in a cart, keep it *tecta et sarta*,
'Tis all you have for it; 'tis your best Magna Carta;
And I love you so well, as I told you long ago,
That I'll ne'er give my vote for *Delenda Cart-ago*.
Now you write from your cellar, I find out your art,
You rhyme as folks fence, in *tierce* and in *cart:*
Your ink is your poison,[1] your pen is what not;
Your ink is your drink,[2] your pen is your pot.
To my goddess Melpomene, pride of her sex,
I gave, as you beg, your most humble respects:
The rest of your compliment I dare not tell her,
For she never descends so low as the cellar;
But before you can put yourself under her banners,
She declares from her throne you must learn better manners.
If once in your cellar my Phœbus should shine,

[1] Viz. ut tu prædicas.—*Scott.*
[2] Viz. ut ego assero verius.—*Ibid.*

I tell you I'd not give a fig for your wine;
So I'll leave him behind, for I certainly know it,
What he ripens above ground, he sours below it.
But why should we fight thus, my partner so dear,
With three hundred and sixty-five poems a-year?
Let's quarrel no longer, since Dan and George Rochfort [watch for't.
Will laugh in their sleeves: I can tell you they
Then George will rejoice, and Dan will sing highday:
Hoc Ithacus velit, et magni mercentur Atridæ.

JON. SWIFT.

Written, signed, and sealed, five minutes and eleven seconds after the receipt of yours, allowing seven seconds for sealing and superscribing, from my bed-side, just eleven minutes after eleven, Sept. 15, 1718.

Erratum in your last, l. antepenult, pro "fear a *Dun*," lege "fear a *Dan*:" ita omnes MSS. quos ego legi, et ita magis congruum tam sensui quam veritati.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.[1]

Dec. 14, 1719, Nine at night.

SIR,

It is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain English tell us so?

[1] In this letter, though written in prose, the reader, upon examining, will find each second sentence rhymes to the former.---*H.*

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies[1] this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanery; and the boy here had not been sent, to let Alexander know I was here, I should have missed the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mrs. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour:

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my Lady Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would

[1] Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.---*F.*

have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

1 P. S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;
My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated: the case I have stated;
And me you have cheated. My stable's unslated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wish you translated,
For teasing me.

2 P. S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly
Her service to present you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of your converse, and cannot send one verse.

3 P. S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle;
The long and the short, we shall not have a quart,
I wish you would sign't, that we have a pint.

For all your colloguing,[1] I'd be glad for a knog-
gin:[2]
But I doubt 'tis a sham; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of shine a mouth moon-ful, you won't part with
a spoonful,
And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble,
You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum, is a poor supernaculum;
Though perhaps you may tell it, for a grace if we
smell it. STELLA.

DR. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER.

I'd have you to know, as sure as you're Dean,
On Thursday my cask of Obrien I'll drain;
If my wife is not willing, I say she's a quean;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguish my poetic vein;
And then I should be as stupid as Kain,
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd
but twain.

[1] A phrase used in Ireland for a specious appearance of kindness without sincerity.—*F.*

[2] A name used in Ireland for the English quartern.—*F.*

Now Wardel's in haste, and begins to complain;
Your most humble servant, dear Sir, I remain,

T. S—N.

Get Helsham, Walmsley, Delany,
And some Grattans, if there be any:[1]
Take care you do not bid too many.

DR. SWIFT'S REPLY.

The verses you sent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
I think you inspired by the Muses all nine.
I nicely examined them every line,
And the worst of them all like a barn-door did shine;
O, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked design;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine,[2]
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a swine;
With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine;
So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Masserine.

[1] *i. e.* in Dublin, for they were country clergy.---*F.*
[2] The seat of Lady Mountcashel, near Dublin.---*F.*

But were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
If when you return your road you don't line,
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square, or in opposite, circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thursday be salter than brine;
I hope you have swill'd with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan shall be with us with nose aquiline.
If you do not come back we shall weep out our eyne;
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got I hear is a chine;
But if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine;
I hope you will not think this a pasquine.

GEORGE ROCHFORT'S VERSES,

FOR THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, AT LARACON, NEAR TRIM.

MUSA CLONSHOGHIANA.

That Downpatrick's Dean, or Patrick's down went,
Like two arrand Deans, two Deans errant I meant;
So that Christmas appears at Bellcampe like a Lent,
Gives the gamesters of both houses great discontent.

Our parsons agree here, as those did at Trent,
Dan's forehead has got a most damnable dent,
Besides a large hole in his Michaelmas rent.
But your fancy on rhyming so cursedly bent,
With your bloody ouns in one stanza pent;
Does Jack's utter ruin at picket prevent,
For an answer in specie to yours must be sent;
So this moment at crambo (not shuffling) is spent,
And I lose by this crotchet quaterze, point, and quint,
Which you know to a gamester is great bitterment;
But whisk shall revenge me on you, Batt, and Brent.

Bellcampe, January 1, 1717.

A COPY OF A COPY OF VERSES,

FROM THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK, TO GEORGE-NIMDAN-DEAN, ESQ.

Written July 15, 1721, at night.

I'd have you t' know, George,[1] Dan,[2] Dean,[3] and Nim,[4]
That I've learned how verse t' compose trim,
Much better b'half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And that I'd rid'cule their 'nd your flam-flim.
Ay b't then, p'rhaps, says you, t's a merry whim,
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i'th' rim,

[1] George Rochfort.---*F.* [2] Mr. Jackson.---*F.*
[3] Dr. Swift.---*F.*
[4] Mr. John Rochfort, called by the Dean, Nimrod, or Nim, from his attachment to hunting.

So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'stle put m' in a megrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
Th' last bowl 't Helsham's did m' head t' swim,
So th't I h'd man' aches 'n 'v'ry scrubb'd limb,
Cause th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t' skim;
And b'sides D'lan' swears th't I h'd swall'w'd s'v'r'l brim-
Mers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd pim-
Ples: m'r'o'er though m' scull were ('s 'tis n't) 's strong 's tim- [Sanh'drim,
Ber, 't must have ach'd. Th' clans of th' c'llege
Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects; that 's t' say, D'ln', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart, H'lsham, Capt'n P'rr' Walmsl', 'nd Long-sh'nks Timm.[1]

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

Dear Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulstown lads (for such they are)
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines:
Smooth as our basin's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.

[1] Dr. James Stopford, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.—*F.*

The board on which we set our a—s,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses;
Compared with which (and that's enough)
A smoothing-iron itself is rough.
Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which, in proper station placed,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly braced.[1]
Thus a wise tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in:
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches.
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words so closely wedged and short are,
Like walls, more lasting without mortar;
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each grooved and dovetail'd like a box;
Thy muse is tuckt up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are linkt;
Thy words together tied in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic, to his grief will find,
How firmly these indentures bind.

[1] In the Dubl. edit.—
Makes thy verse smooth, and makes them last.

So, in the kindred painter's art,
The shortening is the nicest part.
Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to show their learned labour, you
May backward be perused like Hebrew,
In which they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty;
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulstown, Aug. 2, 1721.

Dear Tom, this verse, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the end's good metre,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes, your friends you'd meet here.

For why should you stay in that filthy hole, I mean the city so smoky,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at least not one that's witty, to joke w' ye?
For as for honest John,[1] though I'm not sure on't, yet I'll be hang'd, lest he
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great peer the Lord Anglesey.[2]
O! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have one come to town, but I don't know whether he be friend or foe, Delany:
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there's no delaying ye.
O! I forgot too: I believe there may be one more, I mean that great fat joker, friend Helsham, he
That wrote the prologue,[3] and if you stay with him, depend on't, in the end, he'll sham ye.

[1] Supposed to mean Dr. Walmsley.---*F.*

[2] Arthur, Earl of Anglesey.---*Scott.*

[3] It was customary with Dr. Sheridan to have a Greek play acted by his head class, just before they entered the university; and, accordingly, in the year 1720, the Doctor having fixed on Hippolytus, writ a prologue in English, to be spoken by Master Thom. Putland, one of the youngest children he had in his school. The prologue was very neat and elegant, but extremely puerile, and quite adapted to the childhood of the speaker, who as regularly was taught and rehearsed his part as any of the upper lads did theirs. However, it unfortunately happened that Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, had promised Sheridan that he would go and see his lads perform the tragedy. Upon which Dr.

Bring down Longshanks Jim[1] too; but, now I think on't, he's not yet come from Courtown,[2] I fancy;

For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there a-courting sly Nancy.

However, bring down yourself, and you bring down all; for, to say it we may venture,

In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's jokes, and the soft soul of amorous Jemmy, centre.

Helsham writ another prologue, wherein he laughed egregiously at Sheridan's; and privately instructed Master Putland how to act his part; and at the same time exacted a promise from the child, that no consideration should make him repeat that prologue which he had been taught by Sheridan. When the play was to be acted, the archbishop attended according to his promise; and Master Putland began Helsham's prologue, and went through it to the amazement of Sheridan; which fired him to such a degree, (although he was one of the best-natured men in the world) that he would have entirely put off the play, had it not been in respect to the archbishop, who was indeed highly complimented in Helsham's performance. When the play was over, the archbishop was very desirous to hear Sheridan's prologue; but all the entreaties of the archbishop, the child's father, and Sheridan, could not prevail with Master Putland to repeat it, having, he said, promised faithfully that he would not, upon any account whatever; and therefore insisted that he would keep his word.---*F.*

[1] Dr. James Stopford, Bishop of Cloyne.---*F.*

[2] The seat of —— Hussay, Esq. in the county of Kildare.---*F.*

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun, and own it;
I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit.
And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which I must say is (though written somewhat at large) trim and clean;
And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual,
Your most dutiful and obedient

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE VERSES. BY DR. DELANY, IN SHERIDAN'S NAME.[1]

Hail, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-bodied Geryon!
O may your vastness deign t' excuse
The praises of a puny Muse,
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge colossian height!

[1] These were written all in circles, one within another, as appears from the observations in the following poem by Dr. Swift.—*F.*

T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.
Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold Cambysian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
O, how I joy to see thee wander,
In many a winding loose meander,
In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;
Where every line, as huge as seven,
If stretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven:
Here all comparing would be slandering,
The least is more than Alexandrine.
Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whets his envious scythe in vain;
For though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.
Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste,
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey's caterer of courses.
O thou, of all the Nine inspired!
My languid soul, with teaching tired,
How is it raptured, when it thinks
Of thy harmonious set of chinks;

Each answering each in various rhymes,
Like echo to St. Patrick's chimes!
Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the stage;
And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:
Her train of variegated dye
Shows like Thaumantia's in the sky;
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike imprest by Phœbus' rays.
Thy verse—(Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
The famous statue of Laocoon.
'Tis like,—O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long string, with which you fly kite.
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo[1] in good humour;
And every couplet thou hast writ
Concludes with Rhattah-whittah-whit.[2]

[1] At Gaulstown there is so famous an echo, that if you repeat two lines of Virgil out of a speaking-trumpet, you may hear the nymph return them to your ear with great propriety and clearness.---*F.*

[2] These words allude to their amusements with the echo, having no other signification but to express the sound of stones when beaten one against the other, returned by the echo.---*F.*

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES.

BY DR. SWIFT.

It never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions were sent to their betters:
And, as to the subject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horse in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your measures of line by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd metre,
In each single verse, took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre?[1]
'Twill appear to your cost, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fix'd in a tether,

[1] There were four human figures in the centre of the circular verses.---*F.*

As his betters are used, shall be lash'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the string.
Will Hancock declares, you are out of your compass,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombast;
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.
Lady Betty[1] presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble,
That she make of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam.[2]
Which is all at present; and so I remain—

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

With music and poetry equally blest,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly addrest:
"Great author of harmony, verses, and light!
Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
My verse is neglected, my tunes thrown away.
Thy substitute here, Vice Apollo, disdains

[1] Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, Esq.---*F.*

[2] Miss Thomason, Lady Betty's daughter, then, perhaps, about a year old; afterwards married to Gustavus Lambert, Esq. of Paynstown, in the county of Meath.---*Scott.*

To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;
Thy manual signet refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus! and grant
Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
Though the Dean and Delany transcendently shine,
O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine!
With them I'm content thou shouldst make thy abode;
But visit thy servant in jig or in ode;
Make one work immortal: 'tis all I request."
Apollo look'd pleased; and, resolving to jest,
Replied, "Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case;
Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humorous face.
Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
Thy works shall continue; and here's the receipt.
On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-strings spend:
Write verses in circles: they never shall end."

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE,

CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

To fair Lady Betty Dan sat for his picture,
And defied her to draw him so oft as he piqued her,
He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
Come sit, says my lady; then whips up her scissar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, sir.

Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observed it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin:
And, to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone,
She raised up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose;
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
Well, that's but my outside, says Dan, with a vapour;
Say you so? says my lady; I've lined it with paper.

PATR. DELANY *sculpsit.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

Clarissa draws her scissars from the case
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face;
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,
A nick produced a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's measure you have seen.
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th' unravell'd thread through needle's eye convey'd,

Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard head.
How came the scissars to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan—
You'll swear the pasteboard was the better man.
"The devil!" says he, "the head is not so full!"
Indeed it is—behold the paper skull.

THO. SHERIDAN *sculp.*

ON THE SAME.

If you say this was made for friend Dan, you belie it,
I'll swear he's so like it that he was made by it.

THO. SHERIDAN *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

Dan's evil genius in a trice
Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G—, says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. ROCHFORT *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern sapphic;

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forced to botch for't.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre?

I must confess, that as to me, sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befall his nose.

Show me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose outshining Celia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

My verse little better you'll find than my face is;
A word to the wise—*ut pictura poesis.*

Three merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combined in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre.
Or that its red did cause their spite,

Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspired by what they drew.
Let then such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
While every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet, methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name them who do rehearse
The story of the picture farce;
The squire, in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envied be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, that half-namesake
Should join a party in the freak.
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be anything to Dan?
This is the case whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane;
'Tis hard then he should be decried

By Dan, with Sherry by his side.
But, if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY.

You say your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by nose or tongue?
In not explaining you are wrong
to us, sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd disgrace
of noose, sir.

But yet be not cast down: I see
A weaver will your hangman be:
You'll only hang in tapestry
with many;

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your clothes,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
of love, sir:

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent
to Jove, sir.

You the famed idol will become,
As gardens graced in ancient Rome,
By matrons worshipp'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy sure!
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure
at sight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty;
Now I'll proceed: a word or two t' ye
in answer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone,
In your opinion, are all one:
How can, sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
So stupidly be run a-ground,
As things so different to confound
t' our senses?

Except you judged them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block;
Such an experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion;
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,
is granted:

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name
refined, sir:

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took,)
you'll find, sir,

S, H, E, she—and R, I, ri,
Both put together make Sherry;
D, A, N, Dan—makes up the three
syllables;

Dan is but one, and Sherry two,
Then, sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

Assist me, my Muse, while I labour to limn him;
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ persimilem.
You look and you write with so different a grace,
That I envy your verse, though I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason enough,
'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.
But much I'm amazed you should think my design [grin,
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your harlequin
Which you yourself wonder the de'el should malign.
And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's crany
Should be envied by him, much less by Delany;
Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly she's envied, since a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inspired by the subject we drew.
Inspired we were, and well, sir, you knew it;
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it;
Had your nose been the Muse, we had ne'er been inspired, [were fired.
Though perhaps it might justly 've been said we
As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,

I meddle not with 't, but presume to make merry.
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan's a half, as you call't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be denied that Sherry's two more.
For pray give me leave to say, sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at least of double the value.
But perhaps, sir, you did it to fill up the verse;
So crowds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, sir,
When Sheridan sends to merry Dan answer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care:
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, sir:

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine,
or grieve, sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man;
'Tis women should be pale, and wan,
and taper;

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows, and sleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-shops,
mere vapour.

We know your morning hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glass?
Forbear it:

Those loads of paint upon your toilet
Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
It looks as if you did parboil it:
Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet:

See what by drinking you have done:
You've made your phiz a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown,
t' your gullet.

A REJOINDER.

BY THE DEAN IN JACKSON'S NAME.

Wearied with saying grace and prayer,
I hasten'd down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare
reply to't:

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I must suspect you mean the latter—
Ah! slyboot!

It must be so! what else, alas!
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,
and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a daub, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone;
To be called lean by a skeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true, indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise, to make amends,
And yet, before your stanza ends,
you flout me,

'Bout latent charms beneath my clothes,
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my nose
about me:

I pass now where you fleer and laugh,
'Cause I call Dan my better half!
O there you think you have me safe!
But hold, sir:

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound!
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold sir,

Dan's noble metal, Sherry base;
So Dan's the better, though the less,
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,
dull pedant!

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes sher, and RI makes ry,
Good spelling-master; your crany
has lead in't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER.

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated;
And art thou forced to yield, ill-fated
poetaster?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose;
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to Rathmines;[1]
Thy fame, thy genius, now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear with some concern your roar,
And flying think to quit the score,
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm grieved to hear your banishment,
But pleased to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know, prostration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

"Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum."

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

To you, victorious and brave,
Your now subdued and suppliant slave

[1] A village near Dublin.---*F.*

Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I vanquish'd, fled the town
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry *peccavi*,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie;*
Your mercy I rely on;
For you my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will show yourself a lion.

Alas! sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For spite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd squire with the hard name;
The de'il too that owed me a shame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t' attack your highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my spleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every stroke goes to my heart,
And at each lash I feel the smart
Of lash laid on by you.

THE PARDON.

The suit which humbly you have made,
Is fully and maturely weigh'd;
And as 'tis your petition,
I do forgive, for well I know,
Since you're so bruised, another blow
Would break the head of Priscian.

'Tis not my purpose or intent
That you should suffer banishment;
I pardon, now you've courted;
And yet I fear this clemency
Will come too late to profit thee,
For you're with grief transported.

However, this I do command,
That you your birch do take in hand,
Read concord and syntax on;
The bays, you own, are only mine,
Do you then still your nouns decline,
Since you've declined Dan Jackson.

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF DANIEL JACKSON.

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

—— Mediocribus esse poetis
Non funes, non gryps, non concessere columnæ.

To give you a short translation of these two lines from Horace's Art of Poetry, which I have

chosen for my neck-verse, before I proceed to my speech, you will find they fall naturally into this sense:—

For poets who can't tell [high] rocks from stones,
The rope, the hangman, and the gallows groans.

I was born in a fen near the foot of Mount Parnassus, commonly called the Logwood Bog. My mother, whose name was Stanza, conceived me in a dream, and was delivered of me in her sleep. Her dream was, that Apollo, in the shape of a gander, with a prodigious long bill, had embraced her; upon which she consulted the Oracle of Delphos, and the following answer was made:

You'll have a gosling, call it Dan,
And do not make your goose a swan.
'Tis true, because the God of Wit
To get him in that shape thought fit,
He'll have some glowworm sparks of it.
Venture you may to turn him loose,
But let it be to another goose.
The time will come, the fatal time,
When he shall dare a swan to rhyme;
The tow'ring swan comes sousing down,
And breaks his pinions, cracks his crown.
From that sad time, and sad disaster,
He'll be a lame, crack'd poetaster.
At length for stealing rhymes and triplets,
He'll be content to hang in giblets.

You see now, Gentlemen, this is fatally and

literally come to pass; for it was my misfortune to engage with that Pindar of the times, Tom Sheridan, who did so confound me by sousing on my crown, and did so batter my pinions, that I was forced to make use of borrowed wings, though my false accusers have deposed that I stole my feathers from Hopkins, Sternhold, Silvester, Ogilby, Durfey, &c., for which I now forgive them and all the world. I die a poet; and this ladder shall be my Gradus ad Parnassum; and I hope the critics will have mercy on my works.

Then lo, I mount as slowly as I sung,
And then I'll make a line for every rung;[1]
There's nine, I see,—the Muses, too, are nine.
Who would refuse to die a death like mine!
1. Thou first rung, Clio, celebrate my name;
2. Euterp, in tragic numbers do the same.
3. This rung, I see, Terpsichore's thy flute;
4. Erato, sing me to the Gods; ah, do't:
5. Thalia, don't make me a comedy;
6. Urania, raise me tow'rds the starry sky:
7. Calliope, to ballad-strains descend,
8. And Polyhymnia, tune them for your friend;
9. So shall Melpomene mourn my fatal end.

POOR DAN JACKSON.

[1] The Yorkshire term for the rounds or steps of a ladder; still used in every part of Ireland.---*Scott.*

TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON.

TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED.

TO BE DELIVERED BY AND WITH MR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task,
Pray send me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before;
And, when he's lash'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on school-boys' bums,
The more they frisk and skip:
The school-boys' top but louder hums
The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
(A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye,
For soon as he gets up again,
He'll strut, and cry, Victoria!

At every stroke of mine, he fell,
'Tis true he roar'd and cried;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, since it is in vain to try,
We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I saw him last week on his horse
awry, [cery,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sor-

But, I think, little Dan, that in spite of what our
foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses,
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison)
Yet, by my description, you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, can
I maul
This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I should be glad then of it.

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT.

A HIGHLANDER once fought a Frenchman at Mar-
gate,
The weapons a rapier, a backsword, and target;
Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood;
While Sawney with backsword did slash him and
nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick
him,
Cried, "Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me'll fight you, begar, if you'll come from your door!"
Our case is the same; if you'll fight like a man,
Don't fly from my weapon, and skulk behind Dan;

For he's not to be pierced; his leather's so tough,
The devil himself can't get through his buff.
Besides, I cannot but say that it is hard,
Not only to make him your shield, but your vizard;
And like a tragedian, you rant and you roar,
Through the horrible grin of your larva's wide bore.
Nay, farther, which makes me complain much, and frump it,
You make his long nose your loud speaking-trumpet;
With the din of which tube my head you so bother,
That I scarce can distinguish my right ear from t'other.

You made me in your last a goose;
I lay my life on't you are wrong,
To raise me by such foul abuse;
My quill you'll find's a woman's tongue;
And slit, just like a bird will chatter,
And like a bird do something more;
When I let fly, 'twill so bespatter,
I'll change you to a black-a-moor.

I'll write while I have half an eye in my head;
I'll write while I live, and I'll write when you're dead.
Though you call me a goose, you pitiful slave,
I'll feed on the grass that grows on your grave.

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN,

IN REPLY.

Tom, for a goose you keep but base quills,
They're fit for nothing else but pasquils.
I've often heard it from the wise,
That inflammations in the eyes
Will quickly fall upon the tongue,
And thence, as famed John Bunyan sung,
From out the pen will presently
On paper dribble daintily.
Suppose I call'd you goose, it is hard
One word should stick thus in your gizzard.
You're my goose, and no other man's;
And you know, all my geese are swans:
Only one scurvy thing I find,
Swans sing when dying, geese when blind.
But now I smoke where lies the slander,—
I call'd you goose instead of gander;
For that, dear Tom, ne'er fret and vex,
I'm sure you cackle like the sex.
I know the gander always goes
With a quill stuck across his nose:
So your eternal pen is still
Or in your claw, or in your bill.
But whether you can tread or hatch,
I've something else to do than watch.
As for your writing I am dead,
I leave it for the second head.

Deanry-House, Oct. 27, 1718.

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT.

I CAN'T but wonder, Mr. Dean,
To see you live, so often slain.
My arrows fly and fly in vain;
But still I try and try again.
I'm now, Sir, in a writing vein;
Don't think, like you, I squeeze and strain,
Perhaps you'll ask me what I mean;
I will not tell, because it's plain.
Your Muse, I am told, is in the wane;
If so, from pen and ink refrain.
Indeed, believe me, I'm in pain
For her and you; your life's a scene
Of verse, and rhymes, and hurricane,
Enough to crack the strongest brain.
Now to conclude, I do remain,
Your honest friend, TOM SHERIDAN.

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN.

POOR Tom, wilt thou never accept a defiance,
Though I dare you to more than quadruple alliance.
You're so retrograde, sure you were born under
Cancer; [answer?
Must I make myself hoarse with demanding an

If this be your practice, mean scrub, I assure ye,
And swear by each Fate, and your new friends, each Fury,
I'll drive you to Cavan, from Cavan to Dundalk;
I'll tear all your rules, and demolish your pun-talk:
Nay, further, the moment you're free from your scalding,
I'll chew you to bullets, and puff you at Baldwin.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER,

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound up my head!
You a gentleman! Marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm sure such words does not become a man of [your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave; fie, Mr. Sheri- [dan! 'tis a shame
For a parson who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
And the Dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:

My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-
shank'd hoddy doddy. [excuse,
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
Because my master, one day, in anger, call'd you
a goose: [years since October,
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four
And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart,
drunk or sober: [to my knowledge,
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out
so late in your wicked college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave:[1] a Chris-
tian eat grass! [or an ass:
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose
But that's as much as to say, that my master should
die before ye; [lieve that's a true story:
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't be-
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Everybody knows that I love to tell truth, and
shame the devil; [be civil.
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day
that you was here; [year.
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the
And Saunders, the man, says you are always jest-
ing and mocking:

[1] See p. 290.

Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my
master's stocking;)
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps
the school—
I thought my master a wise man, but that man
makes him a fool.
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin
a dish-clout to his tail. [this letter;
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Mar-
get she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before
my master comes from prayers:
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming
up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could
write written hand;
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
command, MARY.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

Come sit by my side, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;

She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit:
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas,[1] Ford,[2] Grattan,[3] and Merry Dan,[4]
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

ON STEALING A CROWN, WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

Dear Dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have oped your mouth, and closed your eyes,
Like ghost I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlour door:
For, should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose:
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thousand pound?
Then sleep, my friend; dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

[1] Dr. Thos. Sheridan.---*F.*
[2] Chas. Ford, of Woodpark, Esq.---*F.*
[3] Rev. John Grattan.---*F.*
[4] Rev. Daniel Jackson.---*F.*

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk:
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat:
Nor can I the least difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens[1] and sixpence-ha'penny.
To eat my meat and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut—
But 'tis observed, that men in gowns
Are most inclined to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady[2] at St. Catherine's
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham,[3]
And for his victuals, let a ragman dish 'em.

Saturday night.

[1] A shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.---*F.*

[2] Lady Mountcashel.---*F.*

[3] Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. of Lucan, in the county of Dublin, comptroller and accomptant-general of Ireland, a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great esteem.---*Scott.*

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY,

PERFORMED AT MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL.
SPOKEN BY ONE OF THE SCHOLARS.

As in a silent night a lonely swain,
'Tending his flocks on the Pharsalian plain,
To Heaven around directs his wandering eyes,
And every look finds out a new surprise;
So great's our wonder, ladies, when we view
Our lower sphere made more serene by you.
O! could such light in my dark bosom shine,
What life, what vigour, should adorn each line!
Beauty and virtue should be all my theme,
And Venus brighten my poetic flame.
The advent'rous painter's fate and mine are one,
Who fain would draw the bright meridian sun;
Majestic light his feeble art defies,
And for presuming, robs him of his eyes.
Then blame your power, that my inferior lays
Sink far below your too exalted praise:
Don't think we flatter, your applause to gain;
No, we're sincere,—to flatter you were vain.
You spurn at fine encomiums misapplied,
And all perfections but your beauties hide.
Then as you're fair, we hope you will be kind,
Nor frown on those you see so well inclined
To please you most. Grant us your smiles, and then
Those sweet rewards will make us act like men.

THE EPILOGUE.

Now all is done, ye learn'd spectators, tell,
Have we not play'd our parts extremely well?
We think we did, but if you do complain,
We're all content to act the play again:
'Tis but three hours or thereabouts, at most,
And time well spent in school cannot be lost.
But what makes you frown, you gentlemen above?
We guess'd long since you all desired to move:
But that's in vain, for we'll not let a man stir,
Who does not take up Plautus first, and construe.[1]
Him we'll dismiss, that understands the play;
He who does not, i'faith, he's like to stay.
Though this new method may provoke your laughter,
To act plays first, and understand them after;
We do not care, for we will have our humour,
And will try you, and you, and you, sir, and one or two more.
Why don't you stir? there's not a man will budge;
How much they've read, I leave you all to judge.

[1] The author appears to have intended that the vulgar pronunciation, *conster*, should be here adopted.---*Scott*.

THE SONG.

A parody on the popular song beginning, "My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent."

My time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent,
When Bacchus went with me, wherever I went;
For then I did nothing but sing, laugh, and jest;
Was ever a toper so merrily blest?
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
Because I must go to my wife back to town;
To the fondling and toying of "honey," and "dear,"
And the conjugal comforts of horrid small beer.

My daughter I ever was pleased to see
Come fawning and begging to ride on my knee:
My wife, too, was pleased, and to the child said,
Come, hold in your belly, and hold up your head:
But now out of humour, I with a sour look,
Cry, hussy, and give her a souse with my book;
And I'll give her another; for why should she play,
Since my Bacchus, and glasses, and friends, are away?

Wine, what of thy delicate hue is become,
That tinged our glasses with blue, like a plum?
Those bottles, those bumpers, why do they not smile,
While we sit carousing and drinking the while?

Ah, bumpers, I see that our wine is all done,
Our mirth falls of course, when our Bacchus is gone.
Then since it is so, bring me here a supply;
Begone, froward wife, for I'll drink till I die.

TO QUILCA.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR. 1725.

Let me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain:
Chimneys, with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah[1] toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want, in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

[1] The name of an Irish servant.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

GIVEN HIM AT QUILCA. BY SHERIDAN. 1723.

How few can be of grandeur sure!
The high may fall, the rich be poor.
The only favourite at court,
To-morrow may be Fortune's sport;
For all her pleasure and her aim
Is to destroy both power and fame.
Of this the Dean is an example,
No instance is more plain and ample.
The world did never yet produce,
For courts a man of greater use.
Nor has the world supplied as yet,
With more vivacity and wit;
Merry alternately and wise,
To please the statesman, and advise.
Through all the last and glorious reign,
Was nothing done without the Dean;
The courtier's prop, the nation's pride;
But now, alas! he's thrown aside;
He's quite forgot, and so's the queen,
As if they both had never been.
To see him now a mountaineer!
Oh! what a mighty fall is here!
From settling governments and thrones,

To splitting rocks, and piling stones.
Instead of Bolingbroke and Anna,
Shane Tunnally, and Bryan Granna,
Oxford and Ormond he supplies,
In every Irish Teague he spies:
So far forgetting his old station,
He seems to like their conversation,
Conforming to the tatter'd rabble,
He learns their Irish tongue to gabble;
And, what our anger more provokes,
He's pleased with their insipid jokes;
Then turns and asks them who do lack a
Good plug, or pipefull of tobacco.
All cry they want, to every man
He gives, extravagant, a span.
Thus are they grown more fond than ever,
And he is highly in their favour.
Bright Stella, Quilca's greatest pride,
For them he scorns and lays aside;
And Sheridan is left alone
All day, to gape, and stretch, and groan;
While grumbling, poor, complaining Dingley,
Is left to care and trouble singly.
All o'er the mountains spreads the rumour,
Both of his bounty and good humour;
So that each shepherdess and swain
Comes flocking here to see the Dean.
All spread around the land, you'd swear
That every day we kept a fair.
My fields are brought to such a pass,

I have not left a blade of grass ;
That all my wethers and my beeves
Are slighted by the very thieves.
At night right loath to quit the park,
His work just ended by the dark,
With all his pioneers he comes,
To make more work for whisk and brooms.
Then seated in an elbow-chair,
To take a nap he does prepare ;
While two fair damsels from the lawns,
Lull him asleep with soft cronawns.
Thus are his days in delving spent,
His nights in music and content ;
He seems to gain by his distress,
His friends are more, his honours less.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

1725.

Far from our debtors ; no Dublin letters ;
Not seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A companion with news ; a great want of shoes ;
Eat lean meat or choose ; a church without pews ;
Our horses away ; no straw, oats, or hay ;
December in May ; our boys run away ; all servants at play.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726. BY DR. SHERIDAN.

You will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose.
Because hot weather makes me lazy,
To write in metre is more easy.
While you are trudging London town,
I'm strolling Dublin up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself;
For, after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you're in raptures with Faustina;[1]
I'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.
While you are starving there in state,
I'm cramming here with butchers' meat.
You say, when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why, so can we, as well as they.
No reason then, my dear good Dean,

[1] Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer.---*Dub. ed.*

But you should travel home again.
What though you mayn't in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I'd lay twelve eggs, that in twelve days,
You'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
Our weather's good, our sky is clear;
We've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and so bright a sky
Was never seen by Ireland's eye!
I think it fit to let you know,
This week I shall to Quilca go;
To see M'Faden's horny brothers
First suck, and after bull their mothers;
To see, alas! my wither'd trees!
To see what all the country sees!
My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
My servants such a pack of thieves;
My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
My house in common to all folks,
No cabbage for a single snail,
My turnips, carrots, parsneps, fail;
My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horses rid, or gone astray;
My fish all stolen or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry starved, the corn all sold.
A man come now from Quilca says,

" *They*'ve[1] stolen the locks from all your keys;"
But, what must fret and vex me more,
He says, " *They* stole the keys before.
They've stol'n the knives from all the forks;
And half the cows from half the sturks."
Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
" *They*'ve stol'n the sturks from half the cows:"
With many more accounts of woe,
Yet, though the devil be there, I'll go:
'Twixt you and me, the reason's clear,
Because I've more vexation here.

A FAITHFUL INVENTORY

OF THE FURNITURE BELONGING TO — ROOM IN T.C.D. IN IMITATION OF DR. SWIFT'S MANNER. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1725.

—— Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.---VIRG.

THIS description of a scholar's room in Trinity College, Dublin, was found among Mr. Smith's papers. It is not in the Dean's hand, but seems to have been the production of Sheridan.

IMPRIMIS, there's a table blotted,
A tatter'd hanging all bespotted.
A bed of flocks, as I may rank it,

[1] *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan: for whatever is stolen, if you enquire of a servant about it, the answer is, "They have stolen it."—*Dubl. ed.*

Reduced to rug and half a blanket.
A tinder box without a flint,
An oaken desk with nothing in't;
A pair of tongs bought from a broker,
A fender and a rusty poker;
A penny pot and basin, this
Design'd for water, that for piss;
A broken-winded pair of bellows,
Two knives and forks, but neither fellows;
Item, a surplice, not unmeeting,
Either for table-cloth, or sheeting;
There is likewise a pair of breeches,
But patch'd, and fallen in the stitches.
Hung up in study very little,
Plaster'd with cobweb and spittle,
An airy prospect all so pleasing,
From my light window without glazing.
A trencher and a College bottle,
Piled up on Locke and Aristotle.
A prayer-book, which he seldom handles;
A save-all and two farthing candles.
A smutty ballad, musty libel,
A Burger's dicius and a Bible.
The C * * * * [1] Seasons and the Senses
By Overton, to save expenses.
Item, (if I am not much mistaken,)
A mouse-trap with a bit of bacon.
A candlestick without a snuffer,

[1] Illegible. John Overton's prints are often mentioned as the furniture of mean apartments.---*Scott.*

Whereby his fingers often suffer.
Two odd old shoes I should not skip here,
Each strapless serves instead of slippers.
And chairs a couple, I forgot 'em,
But each of them without a bottom.
Thus I in rhyme have comprehended
His goods, and so my schedule's ended.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

Great Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays outshine,
Look down upon your quondam foe;
O! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, Dean,
Should you compassion show.

Take those iambics which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
And give them to your cook,
To singe your fowl, or save your paste
The next time when you have a feast;
They'll save you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free consent,
To sink them in the harbour:

If not, they'll serve to set off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;
So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your physic take,
I must entreat you then to make
A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts and many more,
Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
A goose attack a swan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
While he's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
And let their husbands hector:
But when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak:
Witness the curtain lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awaked your muse, (my midnight curse,
When I engaged for better for worse,)
You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field,
To you as to my wife, I yield:
As she must wear the breeches:
So shall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

ON THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE.[1]

WITH THE DOCTOR[2] AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR. SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY. 1728.

Fair ladies, number five,
Who in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
To feast on ale and steaks;

While he sits by a-grinning,
To see you safe in Sot's Hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole;

Alas! I never thought
A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a groat
He'll put you in a ballad;

[1] An ale-house in Dublin, famous for beef-steaks.---*F.*
[2] Doctor Thomas Sheridan.---*F.*

Where I shall see your faces,
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
Than Venus like an owl.

And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
To think such ladies fine
Should be reduced so low,
To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated!
Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits choose gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
With fantail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the Doctor down;

Or could I read or write,
Egad! I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch;[1]
And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
I'll treat you with burgundy.

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU,

WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

You little scribbling beau,
What demon made you write?
Because to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy,
I wish we had you here;
We'd turn you topsy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we chose;
We're sure a single parson
Is worth a hundred beaux.

[1] Dr. Sheridan was a schoolmaster.---*F.*

And you would make us vassals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver clocks and tassels;
You would, you Thing of Things!

Because around your cane
A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some by-lane,
Have gain'd a paltry grisette;

Shall we, of sense refined,
Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and swear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle,
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY
TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

Why, how now, dapper black!
I smell your gown and cassock,
As strong upon your back,
As Tisdall[1] smells of a sock.

[1] A clergyman in the north of Ireland, who had made proposals of marriage to Stella.—*F.*

To write such scurvy stuff!
Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
Nor scold, nor keep a splutter:
Their verses give delight,
As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw
Such haggard lines as these:
They stick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk cheese.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLYSPELLIN.[1] 1728.

All you that would refine your blood,
As pure as famed Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year
To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
A month at Ballyspellin.

[1] A famous spa in the county of Kilkenny, where the Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite lady.—*Anderson.*

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she's at Ballyspellin.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux,
By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rose,[1] or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Ballyspellin.

We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling:
The reason's plain; the ladies reign,
They're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream, which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellin.

[1] Ross.---*Dubl. ed.*

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in,
With so much grace, I'm sure no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling;
Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
But live at Ballyspellin.

Except you feel darts tipp'd with steel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,

Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Celia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring Hell in;
But, since I'm here to Heaven so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin!

ANSWER.[1] BY DR. SWIFT.

Dare you dispute, you saucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

[1] This answer was resented by Dr. Sheridan as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the Spa; and Swift, very unjustly, in the opinion of the present Editor, has recorded his doing so as an offence against "all the rules of reason, taste, good-nature, judgment, gratitude, or common manners." The answer seems to have been written during Swift's residence with Sir Arthur Acheson.—*Scott.*

Howe'er you flounce, I here pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and sours the blood
When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest Doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling:
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
You met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowins[1] make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript,
To wash herself our well in,

[1] A food much used in Scotland, the north of Ireland, and other parts. It is made of oatmeal, and sometimes of the shellings of oats; and known by the names of sowins or flummery.---*F.*

A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear;
Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er your brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling:
Because he gets a few grisettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
She came from Enniskellin;
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles of Ballyspellin.

How would you stare, to see her there,
The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now, as I live, I would not give
A stiver or a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgelling:
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES,

WITH USEFUL ANNOTATIONS, BY DR. SHERIDAN.[1]

1733.

To make a writer miss his end,
You've nothing else to do but mend.

I OFTEN tried in vain to find
A simile[2] for womankind,
A simile, I mean, to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.[3]
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature,
To find so whimsical a creature,

[1] The following foot-notes, which appear to be Dr. Sheridan's, are replaced from the Irish edition:—

[2] Most ladies, in reading, call this word a *smile;* but they are to note, it consists of three syllables, si-mi-le. In English, a likeness.

[3] Not to hurt them.

A cloud[1] presented to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet, oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For who can tell at what they aim?[2]
Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When, bellowing,[3] they discharge their thunder:
So, when the alarum-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's[4] everlasting tongue,

[1] Not like a gun or pistol.

[2] This is not meant as to shooting, but resolving.

[3] This word is not here to be understood of a bull, but a cloud, which makes a noise like a bull, when it thunders.

[4] Xanti, a nick-name for Xantippe, that scold of glorious memory, who never let poor Socrates have one moment's peace of mind; yet with unexampled patience, he bore her pestilential tongue. I shall beg the ladies' pardon if I insert a few passages concerning her; and at the same time I assure them, it is not to lessen those of the present age, who are possessed of the like laudable talents; for I will confess, that I know three in the city of Dublin, no way inferior to Xantippe, but that they have not as great men to work upon.

When a friend asked Socrates, how he could bear the scolding of his wife Xantippe? he retorted, and asked him, how he could bear the gaggling of his geese? Ay, but my geese lay eggs for me, replied his friend; so doth my wife bear children, said Socrates.---*Diog. Laert.*

Being asked at another time, by a friend, how he could bear her tongue? he said, she was of this use to him, that

The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?
The clouds about the welkin roam:[1]
And ladies never stay at home.
The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair:
For all the schemes of their forecasting,[2]
Are not more solid nor more lasting.
A cloud is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden pouting[3] gloom
She seems to darken all the room;

she taught him to bear the impertinencies of others with more ease when he went abroad.---*Plat. de Capiend. ex. host. utilit.*

Socrates invited his friend Euthymedus to supper. Xantippe, in great rage, went in to them, and overset the table. Euthymedus, rising in a passion to go off, My dear friend, stay, said Socrates, did not a hen do the same thing at your house the other day, and did I show any resentment?---*Plat. de ira cohibenda.*

I could give many more instances of her termagancy, and his philosophy, if such a proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an opportunity to expose the fair sex; but, to show that I have no such design, I declare solemnly, that I had much worse stories to tell of her behaviour to her husband, which I rather passed over, on account of the great esteem which I bear the ladies, especially those in the honourable station of matrimony.

[1] Ramble. [2] Not vomiting.

[3] Thrusting out the lip.

Again she's pleased, his fear's beguiled,[2]
And all is clear when she has smiled.
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the simile will strike,)[3]
Though in the darkest dumps[4] you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through them.
The clouds are apt to make reflection,[5]
And frequently produce infection;
So Celia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
The clouds delight in gaudy show,
(For they, like ladies, have their bow;)
The gravest matron[6] will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd;
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky;
How do these differ from our Graces,[7]
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not such another sight,

[2] This is to be understood not in the sense of wort, when brewers put yeast or barm in it; but its true meaning is, deceived or cheated.

[3] Hit your fancy.

[4] Sullen fits. We have a merry jig, called Dumpty-Deary, invented to rouse ladies from the dumps.

[5] Reflection of the sun.

[6] Motherly woman.

[7] Not grace before and after meat, nor their graces the duchesses, but the Graces which attended on Venus.

When met upon a birth-day night?
The clouds delight to change their fashion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion!)
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.
In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fringed with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.[1]
Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes,[2] like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.
Thus, on comparison,[3] you see,

[1] Not Flanders-lace, but gold and silver lace. By borrowed, I mean such as run into honest tradesmen's debts, for which they were not able to pay, as many of them did for French silver lace, against the last birth-day.---Vid. the shopkeepers' books.

[2] Girls who love to hear themselves prate, and put on a number of monkey-airs to catch men.

[3] I hope none will be so uncomplaisant to the ladies as to think these comparisons are odious.

In every instance they agree;
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim[1] it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

AN ANSWER TO A SCANDALOUS POEM,

Wherein the Author most audaciously presumes to cast an indignity upon their highnesses the Clouds, by comparing them to a woman. Written by Dermot O'Nephely, Chief Cape of Howth.[2]

BY DR. SWIFT.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE CLOUDS.

N.B. The following answer to that scurrilous libel against us, should have been published long ago in our own justification: But it was advised, that, considering the high importance of the subject, it should be deferred until the meeting of the General Assembly of the Nation.

[Two passages within crotchets are added to this poem, from a copy found amongst Mr. Swift's papers. It is indorsed, "Quære, should it go." And a little lower, "More, but of no use."]

Presumptuous bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show,
Inferior mortals there below.

[1] Tell the whole world; not to proclaim them as robbers and rapparees.

[2] The highest point of Howth is called the Cape of Howth.---F.

And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?
We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt discharged, the sky grows clear;
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
[How useful were a woman's thunder,
If she, like us, would burst asunder!
Yet, though her stays hath often cursed her,
And, whisp'ring, wish'd the devil burst her:
For hourly thund'ring in his face,
She ne'er was known to burst a lace.]
Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blamed for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal,
Compared for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight,
Foretell a storm to last till night.
A cloud in proper season pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;

But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a cursed inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.
For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every second.
Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from women's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.
To disappoint Ixion's rape
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleased him more;
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen;
His cloud produced a race of Centaurs,
Famed for a thousand bold adventures;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors, called *nubigenæ;*

But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to pass for Juno?
Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:
A coat we gave him, dyed in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet)
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly smoked the beau.
Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
'Tis known that Socrates the wise
Adored us clouds as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And died defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,

Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as Hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a—es;
While we, o'er Teneriffa placed,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle;
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair;
Apollo stirs not out of door,
Without his lacquer'd coach and four;
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:

But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water,
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes;
As you shall to your sorrow know;
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly souse your frieze surtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever shows his face;
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side;
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis sung, wherever Celia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;

But though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.
Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
But gods like us have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence;
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compared to Venus.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.
[Observe the case—I state it thus:
Though you compare your trull to us,
But think how damnably you err
When you compare us clouds to her;
From whence you draw such bold conclusions;
But poets love profuse allusions.
And, if you now so little spare us,
Who knows how soon you may compare us
To Chartres, Walpole, or a king,
If once we let you have your swing.
Such wicked insolence appears
Offensive to all pious ears.
To flatter women by a metaphor!
What profit could you hope to get of her?
And, for her sake, turn base detractor
Against your greatest benefactor.

But we shall keep revenge in store
If ever you provoke us more:
For, since we know you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly drench your frieze surtout;
Or may we never thunder throw,
Nor souse to death a birth-day beau.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.]

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS.[1]

TO DR. HELSHAM.[2]

SIR, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

When I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice [sick;
I'm so full of pity I never abuse sick;
And the patientest patient ever you knew sick;
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick:
She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick.

[1] This medley, for it cannot be called a poem, is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too severely censured.---*H.*

[2] Richard Helsham, M. D., Professor of Physic and Natural Philosophy in the University of Dublin. See the preface to Delany on Polygamy.---*N.*

Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us
all pew-sick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and you
stew, sick? [sick,
Lady Santry got out of the church[1] when she grew
And as fast as she could, to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet, ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick.
Nor is old Nanny Shales,[2] whene'er she does brew,
sick. [sick,
My footman came home from the church of a bruise
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews
sick:
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose
sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick:
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue
sick,
And I got through the crowd, though not led by a
clew, sick.
Yet hoped to find many (for that was your cue) sick
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due
sick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue sick

[1] St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the music on St. Cecilia's day was usually performed.—*F.*

[2] Vide Grattan, inter Belchamp and Clonshogh.—*Dub. ed.*

So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick; [sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue,
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23, at night.

If I write any more, it will make my poor Muse sick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

The Doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick:
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick:
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick,
The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
And stopp'd the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you sick:

A lady that long'd, is by eating of glue sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clew sick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme[1] and by rue sick.

There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he threw sick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll pursue sick;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu sick.

Of rhymes I have plenty,
And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

I was at Howth to-day, and staid abroad a-visiting till just now.

Tuesday Evening, Nov. 23, 1731.

"Can you match with me,
Who send thirty-three?
You must get fourteen more,
To make up thirty-four:

[1] Time.—*Dublin ed.*

But, if me you can conquer,
I'll own you a strong cur."[1]
This morning I'm growing, by smelling of yew, sick;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick;
Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick;
I hear from good hands, that my poor cousin Hugh's sick;
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick:
And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse) sick;
You see that I scorn to mention word music.
I'll do my best,
To send the rest;
Without a jest,
I'll stand the test.
These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse sick;
I'll make you with writing a little more news sick;
Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick;
My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew sick.

[1] The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helsham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the same paper. —*N.*

An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick ;
I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
Lord ! I could write a dozen more ;
You see I've mounted thirty-four.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY

Of the goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor ; Upon lending his house to the Bishop of Meath, until his own was built.[1]

An oaken broken elbow-chair ;
A caudle cup without an ear ;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead ;
A box of deal, without a lid ;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint ;
A back-sword poker, without point ;
A pot that's crack'd across, around,
With an old knotted garter bound ;
An iron lock, without a key ;
A wig, with hanging, grown quite grey ;
A curtain, worn to half a stripe ;
A pair of bellows, without pipe ;
A dish, which might good meat afford once ;

[1] This poem was written by Sheridan, who had it presented to the Bishop by a beggar, in the form of a petition, to Swift's great surprise, who was in the carriage with his Lordship at the time.—*Scott.*

An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden-platter,
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all,
And thus his household goods you have all.
These, to your lordship, as a friend,
'Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll serve your lordship for a shift;
Why not as well as Doctor Swift?

AN INVITATION TO DINNER,

FROM DOCTOR SHERIDAN TO DOCTOR SWIFT.

1727.

I've sent to the ladies[1] this morning to warn 'em,
To order their chaise, and repair to Rathfarnam;[2]
Where you shall be welcome to dine, if your dean-
ship —— [ship.[3]
Can take up with me, and my friend Stella's lean-
I've got you some soles, and a fresh bleeding bret,

[1] Mrs. Johnson (Stella) and her friend Mrs. Dingley.---*F.*

[2] A village near Dublin, where Dr. Sheridan had a country-house.---*F.*

[3] Stella was at this time in a very declining state of health. She died the January following.---*F.*

That's just disengaged from the toils of a net:
An excellent loin of fat veal to be roasted,
With lemons, and butter, and sippets well toasted:
Some larks that descended, mistaking the skies,
Which Stella brought down by the light of her eyes;
And there, like Narcissus, they gazed till they died,
And now they're to lie in some crumbs that are fried.
My wine will inspire you with joy and delight,
'Tis mellow, and old, and sparkling, and bright;
An emblem of one that you love, I suppose,
Who gathers more lovers the older she grows.[1]
Let me be your Gay, and let Stella be Pope,
We'll wean you from sighing for England I hope;
When we are together there's nothing that is dull,
There's nothing like Durfey, or Smedley, or Tisdall.
We've sworn to make out an agreeable feast,
Our dinner, our wine, and our wit to your taste.

Your answer in half-an-hour, though you are at prayers; you have a pencil in your pocket.

[1] He means Stella, who was certainly one of the most amiable women in the world.—*F.*

PEG RADCLIFFE THE HOSTESS'S INVITATION.

To the Reverend Dr. Swift, D. S. P. D. written with a design to be spoken by her on his arrival at Glassnevin, Dr. Delany having complimented him with a house there. From the London and Dublin Magazine for June, 1735. The lines are probably by Delany or Sheridan.

THOUGH the name of this place may make you to frown,
Your Deanship is welcome to *Glassnevin* town;
[1]A glass and no wine, to a man of your taste,
Alas! is enough, sir, to break it in haste;
Be that as it will, your presence can't fail
To yield great delight in drinking our ale;
Would you but vouchsafe a mug to partake,
And as we can brew, believe we can bake.
The life and the pleasure we now from you hope,
The famed Violante can't show on the rope;
Your genius and talents outdo even Pope.
Then while, sir, you live at Glassnevin, and find
The benefit wish'd you, by friends who are kind;
One night in the week, sir, your favour bestow,
To drink with Delany and others you know:
They constantly meet at Peg Radcliffe's together,
Talk over the news of the town and the weather;

[1] A pun on *Glassnevin---Glass---ne, no, and* vin, *wine.---Scott.*

Reflect on mishaps in church and in state,
Digest many things as well as good meat;
And club each alike that no one may treat.
This if you will grant without coach or chair,
You may, in a trice, cross the way and be there;
For Peg is your neighbour, as well as Delany,
A housewifely woman full pleasing to any.

VERSES BY SHERIDAN.

"When to my house you come, dear Dean,
Your humble friend to entertain,
Through dirt and mire along the street,
You find no scraper for your feet;
At which you stamp and storm and swell,
Which serves to clean your feet as well.
By steps ascending to the hall,
All torn to rags by boys and ball,
With scatter'd fragments on the floor;
A sad, uneasy parlour door,
Besmear'd with chalk, and carved with knives,
(A plague upon all careless wives,)
Are the next sights you must expect,
But do not think they are my neglect.
Ah that these evils were the worst!
The parlour still is farther curst.
To enter there if you advance,
If in you get, it is by chance.

How oft by turns have you and I
Said thus—"Let me—no—let me try—
This turn will open it, I'll engage"—
You push me from it in a rage.
Turning, twisting, forcing, fumbling,
Stamping, staring, fuming, grumbling,
At length it opens—in we go—
How glad are we to find it so!
Conquests through pains and dangers please,
Much more than those attain'd with ease.
Are you disposed to take a seat;
The instant that it feels your weight,
Out goes its legs, and down you come
Upon your reverend deanship's bum.
Betwixt two stools, 'tis often said,
The sitter on the ground is laid;
What praise then to my chairs is due,
Where one performs the feat of two!
Now to the fire, if such there be,
At present nought but smoke we see.
"Come, stir it up!"—"Ho, Mr. Joker,
How can I stir it without a poker?"
"The bellows take, their batter'd nose
Will serve for poker, I suppose."
Now you begin to rake—alack
The grate has tumbled from its back—
The coals all on the hearth are laid—
"Stay, sir—I'll run and call the maid;
She'll make the fire again complete—
She knows the humour of the grate."

" Pox take your maid and you together—
This is cold comfort in cold weather."
Now all is right again—the blaze
Suddenly raised as soon decays.
Once more apply the bellows—" So—
These bellows were not made to blow—
Their leathern lungs are in decay,
They can't even puff the smoke away."
" And is your reverence vext at that,
Get up, in God's name, take your hat;
Hang them, say I, that have no shift;
Come blow the fire, good Doctor Swift.
If trifles such as these can tease you,
Plague take those fools that strive to please you.
Therefore no longer be a quarrel'r
Either with me, sir, or my parlour.
If you can relish ought of mine,
A bit of meat, a glass of wine,
You're welcome to it, and you shall fare
As well as dining with the mayor."
" You saucy scab—you tell me so!
Why, booby-face, I'd have you know
I'd rather see your things in order,
Than dine in state with the recorder.
For water I must keep a clutter,
Or chide your wife for stinking butter;
Or getting such a deal of meat
As if you'd half the town to eat.
That wife of yours, the devil's in her,
I've told her of this way of dinner

Five hundred times, but all in vain—
Here comes a rump of beef again:
O that that wife of yours would burst—
Get out, and serve the boarders first.
Pox take 'em all for me—I fret
So much, I shall not eat my meat—
You know I'd rather have a slice."
"I know, dear sir, you are not nice;
You'll have your dinner in a minute,
Here comes the plate and slices in it—
Therefore no more, but take your place—
Do you fall to, and I'll say grace."

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO SWIFT AND TO HIS MEMORY.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

A BIRTH-DAY POEM. NOV. 30, 1736.

To you, my true and faithful friend,
These tributary lines I send,
Which every year, thou best of deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains;
But did you know one half the pain,
What work, what racking of the brain,
It costs me for a single clause,

How long I'm forced to think and pause;
How long I dwell upon a proem,
To introduce your birth-day poem,
How many blotted lines; I know it,
You'd have compassion for the poet.
Now, to describe the way I think,
I take in hand my pen and ink;
I rub my forehead, scratch my head,
Revolving all the rhymes I read.
Each complimental thought sublime,
Reduced by favourite Pope to rhyme,
And those by you to Oxford writ,
With true simplicity and wit.
Yet after all I cannot find
One panegyric to my mind.
Now I begin to fret and blot,
Something I schemed, but quite forgot;
My fancy turns a thousand ways,
Through all the several forms of praise,
What eulogy may best become
The greatest dean in Christendom.
At last I've hit upon a thought——
Sure this will do——'tis good for nought——
This line I peevishly erase,
And choose another in its place;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well express the sense;
The line's too short to hold my meaning:
I'm cramp'd, and cannot bring the Dean in.
O for a rhyme to glorious birth!

I've hit upon't——The rhyme is earth——
But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, so I'm forced to quit it.
Again I try—I'll sing the man—
Ay do, says Phœbus, if you can;
I wish with all my heart you would not;
Were Horace now alive he could not:
And will you venture to pursue,
What none alive or dead could do?
Pray see, did ever Pope or Gay
Presume to write on his birth-day;
Though both were fav'rite bards of mine,
The task they wisely both decline.
With grief I felt his admonition,
And much lamented my condition:
Because I could not be content
Without some grateful compliment,
If not the poet, sure the friend
Must something on your birth-day send.
I scratch'd, and rubb'd my head once more:
"Let every patriot him adore."
Alack-a-day, there's nothing in't—
Such stuff will never do in print.
Pray, reader, ponder well the sequel;
I hope this epigram will take well.
In others, life is deem'd a vapour,
In Swift it is a lasting taper,
Whose blaze continually refines,
The more it burns the more it shines.
I read this epigram again,

'Tis much too flat to fit the Dean.
Then down I lay some scheme to dream on,
Assisted by some friendly demon.
I slept, and dream'd that I should meet
A birth-day poem in the street;
So, after all my care and rout,
You see, dear Dean, my dream is out.

TO DR. SWIFT
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.[1]

WHILE I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold;
Revered antiquity explore,
And turn the long-lived volumes o'er;
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus, shine,
In every excellence divine;
I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these:
Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
"Spare your reflection," Phœbus cries;
"'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
Can you complain, this sacred day,

[1] Written by Mrs. Pilkington, at the time when she wished to be introduced to the Dean. The verses being presented to him by Dr. Delany, he kindly accepted the compliment.---*Scott.*

That virtues or that arts decay?
Behold, in Swift revived appears
The virtues of unnumber'd years;
Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
And know, Ierne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

ON DR. SWIFT.

1733.

No pedant Bentley proud, uncouth,
Nor sweetening dedicator smooth,
In one attempt has ever dared
To sap, or storm, this mighty bard,
Nor Envy does, nor ignorance,
Make on his works the least advance.
For *this*, behold! still flies afar
Where'er his genius does appear;
Nor has *that* aught to do above,
So meddles not with Swift and Jove.
A faithful, universal fame
In glory spreads abroad his name;
Pronounces Swift, with loudest breath,
Immortal grown before his death.

EPIGRAMS,

OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICS.

I.

THE Dean must die—our idiots to maintain!
Perish, ye idiots! and long live the Dean!

II.

O GENIUS of Hibernia's state,
Sublimely good, severely great,
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well!
Satire may be the child of spite,
And fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling Him who rules the skies,
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask!

III.

Lo! Swift to idiots bequeaths his store:
Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor!

IV.

GREAT wits to madness nearly are allied,
This makes the Dean for kindred *thus* provide.

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY.

BEING NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to rest were gone,
Entranced in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.
The queen of dreams, well pleased to find
An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil traced my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick's Dean:
I straight beheld on either hand
Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
And either claim'd him for their son,
And thus the high dispute begun:
St. Andrew, first, with reason strong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong.
"Swift is my own, by right divine,
All born upon this day are mine."
St. Patrick said, "I own this true,
So far he does belong to you:
But in my church he's born again,
My son adopted, and my Dean.
When first the Christian truth I spread,
The poor within this isle I fed,

And darkest errors banish'd hence,
Made knowledge in their place commence:
Nay more, at my divine command,
All noxious creatures fled the land.
I made both peace and plenty smile,
Hibernia was my favourite isle;
Now his—for he succeeds to me,
Two angels cannot more agree.
His joy is, to relieve the poor;
Behold them weekly at his door!
His knowledge too, in brightest rays,
He like the sun to all conveys,
Shows wisdom in a single page,
And in one hour instructs an age.
When ruin lately stood around
Th' enclosures of my sacred ground,
He gloriously did interpose,
And saved it from invading foes;
For this I claim immortal Swift
As my own son, and Heaven's best gift."
The Caledonian saint, enraged,
Now closer in dispute engaged.
Essays to prove, by transmigration,
The Dean is of the Scottish nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he chose
The loyal soul of great Montrose;
"Montrose and he are both the same,
They only differ in the name:
Both heroes in a righteous cause,
Assert their liberties and laws;

He's now the same Montrose was then,
But that the sword is turn'd a pen,
A pen of so great power, each word
Defends beyond the hero's sword."
Now words grew high—we can't suppose
Immortals ever come to blows,
But lest unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from Heaven descends,
And he at once the contest ends:
"Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
Ye both mistake the present case;
One kingdom cannot have pretence
To so much virtue! so much sense!
Search Heaven's record; and there you'll find,
That he was born for all mankind."

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ.[1]

WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT. BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D.

To gratify thy long desire,
(So love and piety require,)
From Bindon's colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face.
The last, O Nugent! which his art

1 Created Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, Dec. 20, 1766.---*Scott.*

Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen,
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine,)
That ever honour'd, envied sage,
So long the wonder of the age,
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the Dean:
He only breathes Bœotian air—
"O! what a falling off was there!"
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains against the storm
Of Malice but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle?
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Imperial Reason, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffusing round
In cheerful rivulets to flow
Of Fortune to the sons of woe?
Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift,
But lo! the pure ethereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.

That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.
Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanced for use,
Which you should study to produce
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the grave demands his due,
Then, while your morning star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danced attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung,

On wisdom, dropping from his tongue ;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore ?
Good Christians ! they with bended knees
Ingulf'd the wine, but loathe the lees,
Averting, (so the text commands,)
With ardent eyes and upcast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats, from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mongrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals ;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals ;
Through Scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence ! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style ;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you ;

And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refined;
And there the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.
So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

ON THE DRAPIER. BY DR. DUNKIN.[1]

Undone by fools at home, abroad by knaves,
The isle of saints became the land of slaves,

[1] See the translation of Carberiæ Rupes, in Vol. i. p. 178. In the select Poetical Works of Dr. Dunkin, pub-

Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand;
But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,
Then all the public spirit breathed in thee,
And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.
Blest isle, blest patriot, ever glorious strife!
You gave her freedom, as she gave you life!
Thus Cato fought, whom Brutus copied well,
And with those rights for which you stand, he fell.

EPITAPH PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT. 1745.

HIC JACET
DEMOCRITVS ILLE NEOTERICVS, RABELAESIVS NOSTER,
IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P. HVIVS CATHEDRALIS NUPER DECANVS;
MOMI, MVSARUM, MINERVAE, ALVMNVS PERQVAM DILECTVS;
INSVLSIS, HYPOCRITIS, THEOMACHIS, IVXTA EXOSVS;
QVOS TRIBVTIM SVMMO CVM LEPORE
DERISIT, DENVDAVIT, DEBELLAVIT.
TRIAE INFELICIS PATRONVS IMPIGER, ET PROPVGNATOR
PRIMORES ARRIPVIT, POPVLVMQVE INTERRITVS,
VNI SCILICET AEQVVS VIRTVTI.
HANC FAVILLAM
SI QUIS ADES, NEC PENITVS EXCORS VIDETVR,
DEBITA SPARGES LACRYMA.

lished at Dublin in 1770, are four well-chosen compliments to the Dean on his birth-day, and a very humorous poetical advertisement for a copy of Virgil Travestie, which, at the Dean's request, Dr. Dunkin had much corrected, and afterwards lost. After offering a small reward to whoever will restore it, he adds,

"Or if, when this book shall be offer'd to sale,
Any printer will stop it, the bard will not fail
To make over the issues and profits accruing
From thence to the printer, for his care in so doing;
Provided he first to the poet will send it,
That where it is wrong, he may alter and mend it."—*N.*

EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN. 1745.

Two geniuses one age and nation grace!
Pride of our isles, and boast of human race!
Great sage! great bard! supreme in knowledge born!
The world to mend, enlighten, and adorn.
Truth on Cimmerian darkness pours the day!
Wit drives in smiles the gloom of minds away!
Ye kindred suns on high, ye glorious spheres,
Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though Archimede and Horace blest the earth?
Barbarians, from th' Equator to the Poles,
Hark! reason calls! wisdom awakes your souls!
Ye regions, ignorant of Walpole's name;
Ye climes, where kings shall ne'er extend their fame;
Where men, miscall'd, God's image have defaced,
Their form belied, and human shape disgraced!
Ye two-legg'd wolves! slaves! superstition's sons!
Lords! soldiers! holy Vandals! modern Huns!
Boors, mufties, monks; in Russia, Turkey, Spain!
Who does not know Sir Isaac, and The Dean?

TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT.

When wasteful death has closed the Poet's eyes,
And low in earth his mortal essence lies;
When the bright flame, that once his breast inspired,
Has to its first, its noblest seat retired;
All worthy minds, whom love of merit sways,
Should shade from slander his respected bays;

And bid that fame, his useful labours won,
Pure and untainted through all ages run.
Envy's a fiend all excellence pursues,
But mostly poets favour'd by the Muse;
Who wins the laurel, sacred verse bestows,
Makes all, who fail in like attempts, his foes;
No puny wit of malice can complain,
The thorn is theirs, who most applauses gain.
Whatever gifts or graces Heaven design'd
To raise man's genius, or enrich his mind,
Were Swift's to boast—alike his merits claim
The statesman's knowledge, and the poet's flame;
The patriot's honour, zealous to defend
His country's rights—and *faithful to the end;*
The sound divine, whose charities display'd
He more by virtue than by forms was sway'd;
Temperate at board, and frugal of his store,
Which he but spared, to make his bounties more:
The generous friend, whose heart alike caress'd,
The friend triumphant, or the friend distress'd;
Who could, unpain'd, another's merit spy,
Nor view a rival's fame with jaundiced eye;
Humane to all, his love was unconfined,
And in its scope embraced all human kind;
Sharp, not malicious, was his charming wit,
And less to anger than reform he writ;
Whatever rancour his productions show'd,
From scorn of vice and folly only flow'd;
He thought that fools were an invidious race,
And held no measures with the vain or base.
Virtue so clear! who labours to destroy,

Shall find the charge can but himself annoy:
The slanderous theft to his own breast recoils,
Who seeks renown from injured merit's spoils;
All hearts unite, and Heaven with man conspires
To guard those virtues she herself admires.

O sacred bard!—once ours!—but now no more,
Whose loss, for ever, Ireland must deplore,
No earthly laurels needs thy happy brow,
Above the poet's are thy honours now:
Above the patriot's, (though a greater name
No temporal monarch for his crown can claim.)
From noble breasts if envy might ensue,
Thy death is all the brave can envy you.
You died, when merit (to its fate resign'd)
Saw scarce one friend to genius left behind,
When shining parts did jealous hatred breed,
And 'twas a crime in science to succeed,
When ignorance spread her hateful mist around,
And dunces only an acceptance found.
What could such scenes in noble minds beget,
But life with pain, and talents with regret?
Add that thy spirit from the world retired,
Ere hidden foes its further grief conspired;
No treacherous friend did stories yet contrive,
To blast the Muse he flatter'd when alive,
Or sordid printer (by his influence led)
Abused the fame that first bestow'd him bread.[1]
Slanders so mean, had he whose nicer ear
Abhorr'd all scandal, but survived to hear,

[1] The first of these couplets certainly applies to the Earl of Ossory; the second, perhaps, to Faulkner.---*Scott.*

The fraudful tale had stronger scorn supplied,
And he (at length) with more disdain had died.
But since detraction is the portion here
Of all who virtuous durst, or great, appear,
And the free soul no true existence gains,
While earthly particles its flight restrains,
The greatest favour grimful Death can show,
Is with swift dart to expedite the blow.
So thought the Dean, who, anxious for his fate,
Sigh'd for release, and deem'd the blessing late.
And sure if virtuous souls (life's travail past)
Enjoy (as churchmen teach) repose at last,
There's cause to think, a mind so firmly good,
Who vice so long, and lawless power, withstood,
Has reach'd the limits of that peaceful shore,
Where knaves molest, and tyrants awe, no more;
These blissful seats the pious but attain,
Where incorrupt, immortal spirits reign.
There his own Parnell strikes the living lyre,
And Pope, harmonious, joins the tuneful choir;
His Stella too, (no more to forms confined,
For heavenly beings all are of a kind,)
Unites with his the treasures of her mind,
With warmer friendships bids their bosoms glow,
Nor dreads the rage of vulgar tongues below.
Such pleasing hope the tranquil breast enjoys,
Whose inward peace no conscious crime annoys;
While guilty minds irresolute appear,
And doubt a state their vices needs must fear.

R——T B——N.

Dublin, Nov. 4, 1755.

VERSES ON THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

BY MR. JAMES STERLING, OF THE COUNTY OF MEATH.

While the Dean with more wit than man ever wanted,
Or than Heaven to any man else ever granted,
Endeavours to prove, how the ancients in knowledge
Have excell'd our adepts of each modern college;
How by heroes of old our chiefs are surpass'd
In each useful science, true learning, and taste:
While thus he behaves, with more courage than manners,
And fights for the foe, deserting our banners;
While Bentley and Wotton, our champions, he foils,
And wants neither Temple's assistance, nor Boyle's;
In spite of his learning, fine reasons, and style,
—Would you think it?—he favours our cause all the while:
We raise by his conquest our glory the higher,
And from our defeat to a triumph aspire;
Our great brother-modern, the boast of our days,
Unconscious, has gain'd for our party the bays:
St. James's old authors, so famed on each shelf,
Are vanquish'd by what he has written himself.

A SCHOOLBOY'S THEME.

The following lines were enclosed in a letter from Mr. Pulteney, (afterwards Earl of Bath,) to Swift, in which he says—"You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster school on this theme,—*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*"

Dulce, Decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, ingenioque celer:
Dum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horas,
Quò nova vis animi, materiesque rapit?
Nunc gravis astrologus, cœlo dominaris et astris,
Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana secas.
Nunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,
Gentesque æquoreas, aëriasque creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli persona Draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo tabula sumpta cado.
Mores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
Et vitam atque homines pagina quæque sapit;
Socraticæ minor est vis et sapientia chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis opus.

ON DR. SWIFT'S LEAVING HIS ESTATE TO IDIOTS.

Swift, wondrous genius, bright intelligence,
Pities the orphan's, idiot's want of sense;
And rich in supernumerary pelf,
Adopts posterity unlike himself.

To one great individual wit's confined!
Such eunuchs never propagate their kind.
Thus nature's prodigies bestow the gifts
Of fortune, their descendants are no Swifts.
When did prime statesman, for a sceptre fit
His ministerial successor beget?
No age, no state, no world, can hope to see
Two SWIFTS or WALPOLES in one family.

ON SEVERAL PETTY PIECES
LATELY PUBLISHED AGAINST DEAN SWIFT, NOW DEAF AND INFIRM.

THY mortal part, ingenious Swift! must die,
Thy fame shall reach beyond mortality!
How puny whirlings joy at thy decline,
Thou darling offspring of the tuneful nine!
The noble *lion* thus, as vigour passes,
The fable tells us, is abused by *asses*.

ON FAULKNER'S EDITION OF SWIFT.

Ornamented with an Engraving of the Dean, by Vertue.

IN a little dark room at the back of his shop,
Where poets and scribes have dined on a chop,
Poor Faulkner sate musing alone thus of late,
"Two volumes are done—it is time for the plate;
Yes, time to be sure;—but on whom shall I call

To express the great Swift in a compass so small?
Faith, *Vertue* shall do it, I'm pleased at the thought,
Be the cost what it will—the copper is bought."
Apollo o'erheard, (who as some people guess,
Had a hand in the work, and corrected the press;)
And pleased, he replied, "Honest George, you are right,
The thought was my own, howsoe'er you came by't.
For though both the wit and the style is my gift,
'Tis VERTUE alone can design us a SWIFT."

EPIGRAM

ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS ON SWIFT'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

A SORE disease this scribbling itch is!
His Lordship, in his Pliny seen,[1]
Turns Madam Pilkington in breeches,
And now attacks our Patriot Dean.

What! libel his friend when laid in ground:
Nay, good sir, you may spare your hints,
His parallel at last is found,
For what he writes George Faulkner prints.

Had Swift provoked to this behaviour,
Yet after death resentment cools,
Sure his last act bespoke his favour,
He built an hospital—for fools.

[1] Lord Orrery translated the letters of the younger Pliny.—*Scott.*

TO DOCTOR DELANY,

ON HIS BOOK ENTITLED "OBSERVATIONS ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS."

DELANY, to escape your friend the Dean,
And prove all false that Orrery had writ,
You kindly own his Gulliver profane,
Yet make his puns and riddles sterling wit.

But if for wrongs to Swift you would atone,
And please the world, one way you may succeed,
Collect Boyle's writings and your own,
And serve them as you served THE DEED.

EPIGRAM

ON Faulkner's displaying in his shop the Dean's bust in marble, (now placed in the great aisle of St. Patrick's church), while he was publishing Lord Orrery's Remarks.

FAULKNER! for once you have some judgment shown,
By representing Swift transform'd to stone;
For could he thy ingratitude have known,
Astonishment itself the work had done!

AN INSCRIPTION,

INTENDED for a compartment in Dr. Swift's monument, designed by Cunningham, on College Green, Dublin.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

June 4, 1765.

AN EPIGRAM.

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier birth two realms contend;
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Iërne's laurel shall supply;
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

W. B. J. N.

1766.

THE END.

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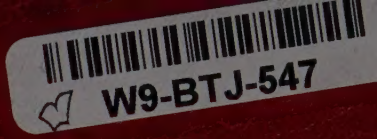
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